

The Saturday Review

No. 2136, Vol. 82.

3 October, 1896.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES	355	The Complete Art of Writing Badly for the Orchestra. By J. F. R.	365	REVIEWS :	
LEADING ARTICLES :		Mainly about Melodramas. By G. B. S.	367	From Darwin to Drink	372
Russia's Vassal	358	Money Matters: New Issues—South Swaziland; A Small Brewery; Not Sufficiently Explicit; A Contract Corporation; Gray & Gilbert	368	Dr. Garnett's Translations	373
Japan as a Colonial Power	358			Mr. Sinnett's Soul	374
The Shrewsbury Congress	360			The Tsar's Travels in the East	374
A Senile Bench	360			Korean Games	375
SPECIAL ARTICLES :		CORRESPONDENCE :		A Retort Courtous	375
Bribery Commissions. By the Right Hon. Sir Edward Fry, F.R.S.	361	Attacks on the Congo Administration. By Captain Philip H. B. F. Salisbury and A. Parminter	369	Madame du Barry Again	376
How to Advertise Oneself	362	"Abdul the Damned."	371	Churches of London and Paris	377
Lord Farrer and Imperial Federation. By Lord Masham	363	The Golden Treasury. By Ivan Jackson	371	Fiction	377
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES :				Reviews and Magazines	378
The Arts and Crafts at the New Gallery	364			This Week's Books	379
				ADVERTISEMENTS	380-389

NOTES.

WHEN reading Mr. Asquith's speech to his constituents one realizes how difficult it is for a lawyer to become a power in the House of Commons. For the Englishman's natural love of routine is heightened in the lawyer by a long training in the careful observance of precedents. The barrister who practises assiduously is almost certain to develop into a pedant. And the House of Commons, made up of men of the most various opinions and set in tune with the perpetually fluctuating opinions of the people, is of all assemblies the least tolerant of pedantry. First of all, Mr. Asquith made it clear that he did not believe that his successor in the office of Home Secretary had released the four dynamiters for purely medical reasons. "Speaking with a full sense of responsibility," he declares that when he left office, in June 1895, "there was not in any one of the cases any ground which . . . would have justified me, for medical reasons, in setting free any one of the men who have recently been liberated."

This sweeping, yet precise, statement is manifestly unnecessary and invidious, in view of the fact that it applies to June 1895, and not to August 1896. Diseases have time to develop in an imprisonment of more than a year. But Mr. Asquith tempts us to go further than this and convict him of inhuman callousness on the strength of his own admissions. Of the four convicts released by Sir Matthew White Ridley in 1896, two at least had lost their reason—Whitehead and Gallagher. Is it credible, we ask, that no symptom of mental breakdown had shown itself in either of these cases even before June 1895? Here is Mr. Asquith's admission as reported in the "Times" of 2 October: "In the case of one of the men who has recently been released, two of the most eminent specialists in mental disease to be found in this country were specially sent to inquire into the state of his mind." And the eminent specialists no doubt reported that the poor creature could stand yet another turn of the screw, and the event has shown them to be mistaken.

We should have thought that this bare fact would have made it impossible for Mr. Asquith to question Sir Matthew White Ridley's good faith. Think of it. Before June 1895 Mr. Asquith was well aware not only that the mind of one of his prisoners was breaking down, but also that our convict system itself was frightfully rigorous, needing, indeed, the introduction of elasticity (the phrase is Mr. Asquith's) to "bring it into more complete conformity with the requirements of humanity and common sense." We do not envy Mr. Asquith his lawyer-like habit of mind; he practically admits that men in our prisons were

being driven mad by inhuman regulations, avows complacently that he could find no reason whatever to release them, and attacks his successor by insinuation for having yielded to the dictates of common humanity.

And this same Mr. Asquith is so excited by the sufferings of the Armenians, that he goes on the stump and declares he would "put an end by force to the misgovernment" of the Porte; nothing less, indeed, than the immediate deposition of the Sultan will satisfy his "shocked conscience." It seems to be extremely difficult for a man who is at once a lawyer and a Liberal to talk sense. We must warn Mr. Asquith that the general public will lose their respect for his brains if he goes on in this manner. Sir Edward Clarke was perhaps nearer the truth when he insisted that force was no remedy, that a declaration of war against Turkey would probably be followed by a general massacre of the Armenians. But, leaving the measures that should be taken on behalf of the Armenians to Her Majesty's responsible advisers, our point here is that it is a pity Mr. Asquith did not show a little more humanity to the criminals under his charge. How can he talk of the hunted Armenians without a vision of the poor brute Delaney flying naked over the hills of Kerry, his reason a maniac fear?

What Matthew Arnold called "the effusiveness of the English middle class" has never been more completely exemplified than in this Armenian-atrocity agitation. We do not wish to minimize the genuine emotion which is the spirit of the movement, much less to criticize "the pity for unpitied human things," which is perhaps the most hopeful characteristic of these materialist times; but it is impossible to recall the various phases of the agitation without being convinced of its unreality and hypocrisy. Animated by a very natural desire to outstrip its rival, the "Daily News," the "Daily Chronicle" set the ball rolling by opening its columns to the cant of the conventicle; it followed this up by selling Turkish medals for the benefit of the Armenian fund, and then called upon Mr. Gladstone to play once more his favourite part of the modern Peter the Hermit. Knowing the old man's appetite for unmeasured flattery, it spoke of him as "the greatest voice of the century," and the gross bait was greedily swallowed.

All this time the titular leader of the Liberal party held aloof from the agitation, and warned the agitators that to bring about a European war would be a foolish way of redressing the wrongs of the Armenians, and consequently the "Daily Chronicle" seeks to play off Sir William Harcourt against Lord Rosebery. "Sir William Harcourt," it tells us, "has arranged to address his constituents on Monday, 5 October, when an important pronouncement on the Eastern Question may be expected. . . . His sympathy with the agitation

is complete and thorough, and we may expect to see him fully identify himself with its aims." Verily, agitation makes strange friendships. The "Daily Chronicle" has always scorned Sir William Harcourt, called him "a swashbuckler indeed," and more than hinted that his want of principle made him impossible as a leader of high-minded Liberals, and now it sees nothing uncouth in his "thorough and complete sympathy with the agitation." It may be objected that the hypocritical part played by a newspaper does not convict the agitation itself of "unreality and hypocrisy." Let us see, then, how far Liberals deceive themselves in this matter.

They have been told from the beginning by the whole of the Continental Press that, after the way in which English statesmen have broken their word in regard to Egypt, no nation could trust England's unselfishness. Neither Canon MacColl nor any other agitator, reverend or lay, so far as we know, has proposed that we should evacuate Egypt, and thereby fulfil our solemn promises, before we require the European peoples again to believe in our disinterestedness. The "Daily Chronicle" itself tells us: "The Tsar, while at Balmoral, has given those around him to understand that if England by some act would try to lighten suspicion his Government would be prepared to concert with her for the stern move which appears called for." And yet, though Egypt is a burden to us rather than a benefit, we continue to hold it, risking every day that war which we will not face for the sake of humanity. An object-lesson in hypocrisy is what the "Chronicle" and Price-Hughes and their coadjutors have given us.

Arms have had to yield to diplomacy, and the Nile Campaign is abandoned for the present, just at the moment when it promised some definite and permanent results. What has been done is not altogether labour lost; a rich province has been added to Egypt, the shrinkage of the power of the Khalifa has been proved, and, above all, the new Egyptian army has been tested and not found wanting; but all the same it is a pity that the final "smashing" of a Power that has been the cause of so much misery and ruin has had to be postponed. But our Foreign Office has too many irons in the fire just now to run any unnecessary risks, and so, as we have said, diplomacy forbids a further advance. France and her helpers can effectually block Egyptian finances, and unless we were prepared to go very much further—to act, for example, as France has acted in Tunis and Madagascar—it was necessary to call a halt. The coming winter may well be devoted to some renewed attempt to put an end to the present absurd deadlock between the Caisse and the Egyptian Treasury, for if it is decided on appeal that the £500,000 advanced for the war must be refunded, the situation may become very critical. It is well for France to understand that if she forces England to pay for the campaign, England will find her way much simplified in claiming to enjoy the fruits of it.

The visit of the Austrian Emperor to Roumania after the ceremonial opening of the Iron Gates on the Danube serves to remind Europe that the Dual Monarchy is not altogether a *quantité négligeable* in the settlement of the Eastern Question. There is evidently a close and definite alliance between Austria and Roumania, an alliance to which Serbia and Bulgaria may find it difficult to remain indifferent. These countries have, of course, strong Russian leanings, but with Roumania on her side Austria could effectively isolate them. The Triple Alliance is in a bad way, and some entirely new grouping of the Powers may be sprung on us before we are much older. Austria's difficulties, internal and external, are very great, and she seems to grow more and more tired of being made the catspaw of Germany, while Italy, too, sees little profit in the present situation. If Francis Joseph were a young man or had a capable successor, there might be a great future for the country which has had such splendid success in the administration of Bosnia; but South Germany does not grow Hohenzollerns or Bismarcks.

The butler who flung the silver and plate of the *nouveau riche* down several flights of stairs to make them look like old was, after all, but the menial manager of a mushroom vulgarian. We expected better things from the managers of the Third Republic, and above all from those among them who are responsible for its ethical and æsthetical bearing towards the rest of the civilized world. Amidst all the grovelling, the "carefully prepared enthusiasm" in view of Nicholas II.'s visit, we expected the clergy of the capital to preserve its dignity. But its members are also going to join the masquerade. Only the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris will wear the vestments appropriate to his high office. The chapter and minor priests of Notre Dame will be disguised—there is no other word for it—as abbés of the old *régime*. Assuredly a strange disguise to adopt. When, after the Revolution, the Abbé Delille sought refuge in London, he brought with him a "niece." "Puisque vous avez choisi votre nièce, vous auriez pu la mieux choisir," remarked a fellow-refugee. We are inclined to say the same to the clergy of Notre Dame with regard to their dress, the erstwhile wearers of which represent even to the most lenient student of French history everything that is vile, corrupt, and worthless under the *ancien régime*.

The difficulty of providing a suitable costume for President Faure has not been so easily solved. Not being a soldier, he has had to forego the pleasure of figuring in a cocked hat, plumes and feathers, and jack boots. Nay, more, he is to be debarred from riding by the side of the august visitor on horseback, "lest his equestrian appearance should give rise to awkward questions of precedence," especially at the review at Châlons. The chief magistrate, who by the terms of the constitution "disposes of the armed forces of the country, but cannot declare war without *l'assentiment préalable* of the two Chambers," is to be relegated to a carriage, lest perchance his steed, unacquainted with nice distinctions, should advance by a pace or so before that of Saussier or Mercier, and thus impair the prestige of the army. Truly, the Bourbons are not the only ones in France "qui n'ont rien appris, ni rien oublié." The same silly objections were started in 1848, after Louis Napoleon was elected President of the Second Republic. "He could not wear the uniform of a general officer," the army said, "because he was not a soldier." Hortense's son, who knew that he showed to his best advantage on horseback, settled the knotty point by adopting the dress of a general officer of the National Guard, much to the disgust of Thiers.

The Tynan affair is fizzling out, and it seems pretty clear now that the Government have neither evidence enough for extradition nor for a conviction if the prisoners were handed over. Except in the possible case of Bell, nothing has been done "on British territory," as the Act requires. It is just possible, of course, that the police knew this all along, and that by the raid and seizure of papers and letters they have gained all they wanted for the present. Some one of the four has probably been giving information to the police—it is about the usual proportion of informers in Irish "plots," and the archives at Scotland Yard have been enriched with a few more lists of names. The only practical result that is likely to be gained by the arrest and exposure of these drunken loafers is that sooner or later the decent Irish in America must discover what fools they are to go on raising money for the benefit of a lazy gang of criminals, some of whom are earning steady wages as informers, and all of whom are "frauds" of the first water.

As regards Ireland itself, whom these scoundrels are doing their best to discredit, two very interesting items of news have appeared in the Dublin newspapers this week. The first is that the old historic room in Upper O'Connell Street, in which the Land League held its meetings, and which the National League continued to hold till recently, has been given up and becomes the property of the Church of Ireland Young Men's Christian Association. We could not have wished it a better fate; it has long been clear that a body without

branches or revenue could not go on much longer, and so the house in which many "plans" were hatched and where the "mice" destroyed so many compromising documents will be given over to tea and muffins and tracts. The other item of news is that the London office of the Irish Unionist Alliance is to be closed. Shades of Houston and Pigott, "Ballyhooley," and Colonel Saunderson, what are we coming to? We confess we are heartily glad of both pieces of information. It was a hot fight while it lasted; but it is all over now, shouting included, and Irishmen under the guidance of Mr. Horace Plunkett will, it is hoped, find some better employment in the future than tearing each other to pieces for the amusement of the unsympathetic Saxon.

There is no end to the squabble about Anglican Orders. If they depend upon the living Pope, and obedience to him, of course they are not valid; and why should not His Holiness say so? If they do not depend upon his good or evil will, then what does his episcopal opinion matter? The Pope's bull simply refers the subject to the vexed question of Papal authority. "We put certain words into the Ordinal in the tenth century. You put them out again in the sixteenth: your Ordinal is invalid." Of course it is the old question again as to what the chairman may do and may not do; but it is a pity to fight on side issues.

In the East Central district a melancholy series of exhibitions is in progress just now. As a result of Mr. Chamberlain's circular to the Colonies, samples of foreign goods which compete in the Colonies with English merchandise are being sent to the Colonial Office. The Office forwards them to the London Chamber of Commerce, and the Chamber shows them to all who care for object-lessons in foreign competition. The first batch of exhibits comprised articles from the West Indies, and the visitor was shown scissors made in Germany at fifteenpence a dozen, and moleskin trousers, also made in Germany, at fifteenpence a pair! It is pleasanter not to think of the conditions under which these articles must have been produced: that is Germany's affair. What we have to consider is whether we shall continue to permit this vile trade to sap our own manufactures in our own Colonies. The present show at Botolph House is of samples from Victoria. Not the least interesting of its features is a box of stearine candles made in Holland. On the package, beside this announcement, appears the name of the Dutch manufacturers and the description "Contractors for the British Admiralty." A pleasant irony about this which one cannot but admire.

Mr. Chamberlain's mistake in pinning his faith to Sir Charles Tupper threatened to thwart his railway and steamship plans in connexion with Canada, as the new Premier naturally felt sore at the Colonial Secretary's ostentatious patronage of his defeated rival. But he seems to have been making it all right again during his American visit. The whole question was threshed out in a long conference with Sir Richard Cartwright, and it is hoped that when Sir Richard comes to England in a few weeks he will be able to bring the assent of the Dominion Government to at least the outlines of a plan that will be acceptable to the Colonial Office, which is inclined to act liberally in the matter. It is, perhaps, as well that no hasty decision was arrived at, as we are moving towards another period of rapid development in Atlantic travel. Orders have been placed in Belfast for two new vessels that are intended to surpass everything afloat as the "Majestic" and the "Teutonic" surpassed the ocean-liners of their time. The "Campania" and "Lucania" will be hard to beat, but the Queen's Island means to try, and it is understood that when the new Canadian steamers come to be built, they must be on the lines of the best in the market.

Some sort of Pasteur Institute is to be set up in India, and the local patriots of different provinces are putting forward eager claims to the honour of affording it a home. The leading competitors are the Punjab and Bengal. The hill station Kasauli, on the way up from Kalka to Simla, is regarded by the champions of

the Five Rivers as an ideal situation—handy to the plains and yet endurable all the year round for the scientists. But Bengal replies by tempting the bacteriologists with the offer of some peculiar and loathsome diseases of which it has the entire monopoly—*kala-azar* and *beri-beri*. Perhaps we may be wisely content to think of them by those mysterious names rather than inquire more closely into their nature. True, answers the Punjab, we do not deny the attractions of *kala-azar*, but, after all, we do a much more important business in typhoid than Bengal, and we are much better off for mad dogs. As for cholera, what part of India is likely to run short of the common bacillus? It is a leading article all over the country.

Like the revolt in Cuba, the Philippine insurrection shows signs of dragging along interminably; and as in both cases we are dependent on Madrid for information, it is difficult to say what are the actual facts either as to the causes of the outbreak or the position secured by the insurgents. In the one case as in the other, however, we are justified in the conclusion that the primary cause is sheer misgovernment. None but he who has experienced it can realize the extent to which misgovernment and corruption extend in a place like Manila. Shipmasters find it impossible even to land their goods there unless a system of bribery is entered upon which reaches from the lowest subordinate to the highest official. If this method of doing business is resented, a most elaborate system of fines is brought into operation, and vessels have sometimes been mulcted in thousands of dollars before the authorities have let them go.

The legitimate fines are bad enough in all conscience. If the cargo landed does not tally exactly with the number of packages on the manifest, a fine of one hundred dollars per package is imposed, whether the error is one of deficiency or excess. On Sundays or Saints' days—and the latter are exceedingly numerous—the vessel must not only lie idle in harbour, but must "dress ship" out of compliment to the Church, otherwise another fine of a hundred dollars is imposed. Should a captain for some urgent reason desire to load or discharge cargo or take in coals on a Sunday, he must make application, not to the Governor-General, who is without power to grant a permit, but to the Archbishop of Manila; and if the latter dignitary approves of the humble petition presented to him, which must set forth all the circumstances of the case, then a permit will graciously be issued, for which the petitioner must pay a fee of five hundred dollars. And so on throughout the whole administration, which is founded on corruption and exists by virtue of a universal system of "squeeze." Those who desire to observe the evils of a sacerdotal form of government cannot do better than pay a visit to Manila, where priests have a voice in every department and practically exercise supreme control. This explains why monasteries are singled out by the insurgents for attack. Monks and priests are regarded simply as emissaries of the Government, and therefore responsible for its misdeeds.

The Norwegians are progressing. They have now got as far as a separate flag, and total and immediate repeal of the Union with Sweden is called for by an increasing Nationalist party. They have annoyed the Swedes beyond expression by reducing the Norwegian contribution to the income of King Oscar, who is idolized in Sweden. It is quite certain that the Swedes will not allow Norway to separate without a war. But though Sweden is of course far richer than Norway, and has twice as many soldiers, it would be exceedingly difficult to subdue a nation of mountaineers like the Norwegians. Russia might interfere, not for the first time, in Scandinavian politics; and a Russianized Norway would be a far more serious thing for Great Britain than a Muscovite Turkey.

The Conservative and Unionist electors of St. George's and Wapping division of the Tower Hamlets presented Mr. Harry Marks with a service of plate the other night as a recognition of his services to the party in fighting Mr. Benn both at the poll and in the Law

Courts, and beating his opponent in both places. The actual presentation was made by Mr. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., which might have aroused some curious reflections in those Conservative and Unionist electors who attended the function. For it was chiefly the evidence Mr. Marks gave before Lord Randolph Churchill's Commission that destroyed the old Metropolitan Board of Works, and when Mr. Ritchie's Bill was passed, Mr. Marks was elected to the first London County Council as member for Marylebone by a majority of 500 over Lord Farrer. Four years later, in 1892, Mr. Ritchie lost St. George's, which had always been a Conservative stronghold, by 400 votes. In 1895 Mr. Marks won it back by a majority of eleven, and in the subsequent legal proceedings may be said to have fairly thrashed his opponent, Mr. Benn, who is now not even an elector in the division for which he would fain sit as member in the House of Commons.

Baron Louis Gerhard de Geer, who died last week at Thanaskog, his eldest son's country house, was the most prominent statesman and the most eminent historian of the Sweden of our day. Swedish politics take no very leading place in European affairs, but it requires a cool head to balance them between Russian and German interests on the one hand and Norwegian arrogance on the other. This Baron de Geer helped to do for forty-two years, during seventeen of which he was actually Prime Minister, having led the Government with success through the long and critical administration which lasted from 1858 to 1870. He was Premier again in 1871, and from 1875 to 1880, when he definitely withdrew from political life, and devoted himself wholly to writing instead of making history. He had been one of the Eighteen of the Swedish Academy since 1862. A few years ago he published his *Memoirs*, the most interesting book of its kind that has of recent years been published in Scandinavia. By the death of Baron de Geer, Sweden is undoubtedly deprived of her most eminent citizen.

Publishing by plébiscite—that is the very latest thing in the "literary" world. A firm of publishers, having just issued the hundredth volume of one of its "Libraries," invites the purchasing public to say what the hundred-and-first volume shall be. The publishers will give the preference, we may suppose, to the "classic" which receives most recommendations. The idea is not a bad one—from the publishers' point of view. What a lot of anxiety and loss might be avoided by our book producers if they could see their way to carrying to perfection the plébiscite system! The art of publishing would be reduced to its simplest form. "Would you like another 'kail-yard' story?" "Could you stand another poem by Sir Lewis Morris?" "Shall we beg Miss Corelli to give us her next volume?" "Would you like another romance by Anthony Hope?" If the publishers could only get direct answers to simple questions like these, what a happy and prosperous life they would lead!

The bitterest enemy of a great man or great woman of letters is the creature who brings to light a writer's discarded work. "His best he gave, his worst he kept": it ought to be left to a literary man or woman to say which, and how much, of his or her products shall be given finally to the world. There should be some respect for the dead. The fact that a writer leaves manuscripts behind him is no reason why they should be printed and circulated. They may be utterly unworthy of him, and tend to minimize his fame and influence. We have been led to these remarks by the announcement of a new edition of "The Works of the Brontës." In this we read, "Valuable copyright matter, furnished by the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, will be included." Well, let us hope the "matter" will be "valuable" indeed. It will not be so simply because it was penned by Charlotte, or Emily, or Anne; it might represent the writer at her worst. At any rate, let lovers of literature be upon their guard. The Brontë sisters are in their graves; and nobody has any right to publish manuscript work of theirs which would in any way impair their reputation.

RUSSIA'S VASSAL.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, whatever his merits as an administrator, has not hitherto earned the reputation of summing up a situation in a sentence. It is a dangerous gift; for an epigram is sometimes the condensation of sciolism, and is seldom more than half the truth. But it would be difficult to sum up the situation in Eastern Europe with more terse accuracy and startling frankness than Lord George Hamilton has done. An Ealing correspondent had evidently been teasing his member with the commonplace arguments about the danger of a Russianized Turkey. Somewhat tartly, but very much to the point, his lordship writes, "The Sultan now is practically a vassal of Russia. The dissolution of Turkey must aggrandize Russia, and Turkey cannot be kept together. Such is the situation." It is indeed the situation, and put before us by no other member of the Cabinet than the Secretary of State for India. It is for the sake of our Indian Empire that we have always been assured that Russia must at all costs be kept away from Constantinople. And here we have the Secretary of State for India calmly informing us that Russia is already there, or that her getting there is only a matter of time! The Sultan practically a vassal of Russia! Such language is enough to make Lord Beaconsfield turn in his grave—especially coming from one of his favourite young men—and we have no doubt that Mr. Gibson Bowles has marked and is now inwardly digesting it.

This oasis of truth in the desert of platitudes and deceptions with which our statesmen habitually mystify the nation on the subject of foreign politics is most refreshing. The statement may be undiplomatic, but it is undeniable, and it is substantially the view of the Eastern Question which was taken in this Review long before the Armenian massacres. If a man was asked what he would like his adversary to do, he would answer, if possessed of far-seeing ability, "Let my enemy add to his responsibilities and increase his vulnerability." That is precisely what Russia will do by the occupation of Constantinople. The Russification of Turkey will enormously increase the responsibilities of the Tsar's Government. If the Sultan cannot govern his subjects because of the distance between the centre and the extremities, it may be anticipated that the St. Petersburg bureaucracy will not find the task to be child's play. On the other hand, the advance of Russia to the Bosphorus will make her, from a maritime point of view, more accessible. Great Britain will, at all events, be able to catch hold of Russia by the foot; in other words, the vulnerability of Russia will be increased. Of course the power of Russia would also be increased, but her power as regards Austria and Germany, not as regards England. It is for the Triple Alliance to object to the Russification of Turkey, but surely not for Great Britain. We have said before, and we say it again, that, next to Russia, the European Power most vitally interested in the partition of Turkey is Austria; and, if those two Powers can come to terms, it is not for Great Britain to interpose her authoritative "Nay." What sort of understanding Lord Salisbury has come to with the Emperor of Russia at Balmoral we do not know. The photographer may have had prior claims to the Prime Minister upon the attention of our Imperial visitor. We can only grope our way in these high matters by the light of an occasional flash from one of the great ones of the earth like Lord George Hamilton. But it does seem as if our public men, aye and the public too, had learnt something from the history of the last fifty years. The criminal blunder of the Crimean war is not to be repeated, and apparently no Great Power exactly sees why it should fight for the Armenians. Once we descend from the region of music-hall heroics and chapel morality to the level of common-sense, there is no earthly reason why the Great Powers most concerned should not "deal" with one another on the Eastern Question.

JAPAN AS A COLONIAL POWER.

THE appointment of Count Okuma as Japanese Foreign Minister draws attention to the position the "new Power" is taking up in foreign politics. Count Okuma is the leader of the school of Japanese

politicians who stand for a "strong foreign policy," and denounce the retrocession of Liao-tung as a cowardly surrender to Russia and her allies, France and Germany. They were "for Peking and beyond" during the late war, and magnified the successes of the army over undisciplined hordes of Chinese into great and glorious victories. One of the newspapers of this party even urged, quite recently, that there was no necessity for Japan, "like a petty thief," to wait until the European nations were engaged in internecine conflict before setting out to conquer Asia, or even before she "unfurled her banners in the broad fields of Europe," and marched forward to victory over the effete civilization of the West; and there can be no question that with a considerable section of the population an aggressive policy would be exceedingly popular. Okuma is, however, too clever a man to be imposed upon by any such claptrap, and it is therefore scarcely likely that Japan during his tenure of office will set out to conquer the world. He and his party have to take into consideration that even if the Japanese prove a conquering race—a question which is scarcely decided by the recent war—they no more possess the qualities which go to make good colonists than do the French. As coolies on plantations in Hawaii, working under similar conditions to those prevailing in their own country, the Japanese have met with a certain amount of success, having been protected from the competition of Chinese; but they have failed to make way on the Californian coast or in the West Indies, where the conditions are different, and several hundred imported into Fiji a year or two ago had to be sent back almost immediately, because of the shocking mortality among them due to the climate. In all these places the Japanese were working as labourers under various forms of government, but the result is no more satisfactory to the "forward" school, where the Japanese themselves have partial or complete control. In Korea, with a climate very similar to their own, the Japanese were fairly successful as merchants until, as a result of the late war, the administration of the country was attempted from Tokio. Then they became arrogant and insolent towards the natives, bearing themselves as conquerors, and excited such animosity and hatred that the latest insurrection in that insurrection-ridden country was directed almost entirely against the Japanese colonists.

In Formosa, where the Japanese have supreme control, the island has been in a chronic state of insurrection from the time the Japanese set foot upon it. One revolt is no sooner suppressed than another breaks out, with the result that trade and commerce are in a state of complete chaos. Instead of attempting conciliation the Japanese have endeavoured to dragoon everybody—the foreign merchant, the Chinese compradore, the Hakka of the lowlands, and the savage in the hills. The officials sent down from Tokio to administer the country are of the most inferior type—the pay being poor and the licit emoluments trifling—and some of them have been openly charged by Japanese papers with volunteering for exile in order to escape payment of their debts. One journal remarked, indeed, that when a new appointment was gazetted the question generally asked concerning the official was not "What are his qualifications?" but "How much does he owe?" and those who know the chronic impecuniosity of the Japanese official will not find this a surprising statement. The result is what might be expected. A merchant of long experience in Formosa recently wrote that "Japan's real enemy here is not the foreigner or his compradore, but the petty Japanese official, full of arrogance, prone to chicanery, bound tightly with red tape, and entirely lacking in common sense."

On the Japanese assuming control of the island the Governor-General issued a proclamation, stating that all existing rights would be respected; but, as a matter of fact, the Japanese administrators were no sooner established in their offices than they began to harass the Chinese compradores, the foreign merchants and all in their employ. For example, a most stringent set of regulations was issued regarding the manufacture of camphor, which industry was originally established by foreign merchants under circumstances of extreme difficulty; and without any notice being given the manufacture

was altogether stopped for the time being. Not content with this, a number of Chinese compradores were arrested on charges of breaking the regulations; bail was absolutely refused, though the British Consul is said to have applied personally; and after being kept under arrest for several days these employés of foreign firms were released on paying a fine of \$300 each, without, it is alleged, there being any form of trial. It is also alleged, on authority which can hardly be disputed, that at the very time these Chinese compradores were being punished for breaking the regulations, a syndicate of Japanese officials was secretly purchasing the camphor and sending it surreptitiously out of the country. In another case, a Japanese local magistrate, having entered into an arrangement with camphor merchants, stopped all making of camphor by the persons then engaged in the work, his project being to dispose of the confiscated stores to the merchants in collusion with whom he was acting. Moreover, heavy taxes are being placed on camphor and sugar, the two main staples of Formosa, hampering trade and limiting production, thus drying up the very sources of revenue. Partly the object is to force Formosan trade to find an outlet through Japan, drawback certificates being issued by which goods landed in Japan are made free of duty; but the result as regards certain staples, such as camphor, which has its market in Hongkong, is to seriously embarrass the merchants, who find it increasingly difficult to compete with the camphor produced elsewhere. The Chinese authorities have frequently been accused of hampering trade, but in pursuing such tactics as are here set forth the Japanese are open to the charge of being engaged in its destruction. Such a policy will in the end recoil upon the State which now governs Formosa; but, poetic justice though this may be, it will prove of little satisfaction to merchants who are ruined.

As to the charges made against the Japanese soldiers of committing outrages and excesses of the most shocking kind when suppressing insurrections, it is to be feared they are only too true. A Japanese paper, the "Yorodzu Choho," attempts to justify them by asking:—"And, pray, what have the Anglo-Saxons done under like circumstances? Where are the Tasmanians? How many 'black fellows' and Maoris are alive to-day? Where are the wretched inhabitants of the islands along the eastern littoral of British North America? Where the Hurons, Iroquois, Mengwes, Chippewas? Gone from the face of the globe. Yes, the Saxons have been successful colonizers. Their simple custom is to sweep away the aboriginal inhabitants of any desirable site, and then ensconce themselves in well-earned content on the blood-drenched soil. And who are these Saxons that they should dare criticize adversely our generals' orders to exterminate those who rebel for ever against our peaceful rule?" The *tu quoque* is not bad, but it may at least be retorted that in each of the cases referred to the place of the vanished or vanishing tribe has been taken by a race capable of developing the resources of the soil to an extent never previously attempted. It was a clear case of the survival of the fittest. This can scarcely be brought forward in support of the Japanese policy in Formosa. During the preliminary struggles to acquire control of the island, the mortality among the Japanese troops was enormous. Regiments were decimated by the climate, and the losses by disease in Formosa far exceeded the total loss during the operations throughout the war on the mainland. The Japanese can never colonize Formosa, simply because their physique is too weak to bear the strain of acclimatization; and what they are doing now is to antagonize, if not destroy, the race material by which alone the resources of the island can be developed. For years to come the administration of the island will cost vast sums, which can ill be afforded by such an essentially poor country as Japan, especially at a time when she is spending her treasure in expanding her army and her navy. Her object is to rival European nations in the possession of colonies, apparently in the belief that no nation can be counted great except by extent of territory; and this was the principal reason why Liao-tung, as well as Formosa, was demanded as the price of peace with China. Unjust though the forcible retrocession of the former territory may have

been, the argument may easily be sustained that it would have been to Japan's advantage if she had lost the island of Formosa as well as the peninsula of Liaotung, for in the thirty odd years that have passed since Japan abandoned her policy of insularity it has been abundantly demonstrated that the Japanese have not the qualities necessary for a colonizing race.

THE SHREWSBURY CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday next the alarm to the latest battle of Shrewsbury will begin and the opposing Church politicians will on that afternoon "fight a long hour by Shrewsbury clock." If we might suggest a motto not inappropriate to the place, it is Hotspur's dying apophthegm, "but thought's the slave of life"; and the necessary illustrations might be sought in the elaborate and brilliant schemes of ineffectual progress and piety which have been sounded in our ears by Congress orators since a Church Congress first met in Cambridge in 1861. If we may judge by the programme perhaps this motto has already suggested itself to the managers, for there is a certain actuality visible in the subjects for discussion, and if only the chairman can succeed in keeping his men to the point something more may be hoped for from this year's deliberations than from any of the preceding thirty-five Congresses. Of course the usual fault is conspicuous, and a great number of the readers and speakers are men who have been sounding their views these many years from pulpit, platform, press, and bookstall. To engage the services of men already well known is to promote vain and even tedious repetition. It is hard to hit the mean, no doubt, but it is better to be brisk and a trifle crude than to be sagaciously safe and trite; and we could have well spared some of those who have fully edified many former audiences. After all, the strength of a society is best shown in the number of ardent young men it attracts, and because these are given to fireworks, extreme views, and to speculations which shock country spinsters and reduce the diameters of deans, they should nevertheless be suffered gladly, because they introduce an indispensable element into ecclesiastical life. Certain subjects, too, need no further Congress treatment. The idea of a National Church, we have often been told, is the "expression of the national conscience." The best illustration of this is for the Church to set herself seriously to work to cleanse the national cesspits. People who have not squared Christian doctrine with some sort of evolution, or theories of evolution, with Christian doctrine had better spend their time in their studies than at Shrewsbury, and we are heartily sick of talk about local educational authorities and the morality of strikes, and also about divorce, on which last subject it is exceedingly prudish, by the way, to restrict the talk to men only. In the discussion about discipline there is evidently to be a hunting party organized by Canon Gore against the lively Mr. Dolling, late of Landport, which seems to be a grave piece of folly enough, but Mr. Hill and the Rev. T. A. Lacey will no doubt spoil the sport effectually. It is very doubtful whether there could be any discussion about the office for the Holy Communion "without manifestation of feeling," as is queerly suggested on the notices. There are a good many "feelings" possible, and the one which should have been already manifested is a feeling for the right use of words. The most amusing gathering will undoubtedly be that in which the frugal Primate of All Ireland will consider the sins of extravagance, Canon Ainger will make quips upon novels, and the Earl of Dartmouth will denounce the Derby. The women's meetings are worthy of notice, for there, among other topics, the fair orators are to exercise their powers of speech about "the work of a clergyman's wife." If they can persuade one another to reform the dissent-making, swaggering habits of the clergywoman, get her to prefer parishioners before carpets, and submit to the ordeal of being outdressed and outdinnered and outshone by her neighbours, if they can coax the feathers out of her cap, the bee from her bonnet, and the desire of sovereignty from her heart, they will do more for the Church than will be done by all the bishops, chancellors, and professors in

grand total. Such triumphs would make carbonadoes of the rural schismatics, and be no small advancement even in towns where the opposition is something more admittedly intellectual.

A SENILE BENCH.

THE English language is grave and respectful in its forms, corresponding to the temper of the people. When a public servant is said to be "entitled to a retiring pension," it means that he has served as long as is good for the public and his possible successors. He is not to be kicked off like an old shoe, with nothing; therefore, he is given money to go. For the presumption is, that he is past his work, and that therefore his retention of office is an injury both to the public and to the juniors of his own profession. That is why in every department of the public service, except the judicial Bench at home, an official is compelled to go when he is "entitled to a retiring pension." He must go because he has had his innings. He must go because others are waiting to take his place. He must go because his hand has lost its cunning, and the public is entitled to the service of younger men. A hard rule, but the rule of the world, everywhere except on the judicial Bench. It is the rule of the Army, the Navy, and the Civil Service. If compulsory retirement is not the rule with the Indian judiciary and the Colonial and diplomatic services, it is only because it is unnecessary, officials being only too pleased to go the moment they are "entitled to a retiring pension." With our British Bench of judges the case is very different.

To begin with, there is no age at which retirement is compulsory. A judge of the High Court is entitled to a very handsome retiring pension only after he has been on the Bench for fifteen years. So that if he is not made a judge till he is sixty—no uncommon case—he is not entitled to his pension until he is seventy-five, unless he retires on the ground of ill-health. The ordinary career of the average successful barrister is as follows. He takes silk at forty, practises within the Bar for some fifteen years, and ascends the Bench at fifty-five. That may be said to be the average case of the leader who becomes a judge. He is not entitled to his pension until he is seventy, which is five years later than the Civil Servant, and much later than the officer in the Army or Navy is allowed to remain in harness. But if the judges, or the majority of them, retired at seventy there would not be much to say against the system. What we complain of is that the administration of justice is impaired, and the flow of promotion in the profession checked, by the persistent clinging to office of men, who have reached the age at which the efficient discharge of arduous duties is physically impossible.

At this moment there are nine judges on the Bench who are "entitled to retiring pensions." There are practically ten, as Mr. Justice North will have qualified by 1 November. The Master of the Rolls heads the list, he having sat upon the Bench for twenty-eight years, or thirteen years beyond his time. Baron Pollock comes next with a service of twenty-four years. Lord Justice Lindley has been a judge more than twenty-one years, and Lord Justice Lopes and Mr. Justice Hawkins for more than twenty years. Lord Justice Kay, Mr. Justice Cave, and Mr. Justice Mathew have worn the ermine for more than fifteen years, while Mr. Justice Chitty completed his fifteenth year at the beginning of the present month. We take this list from an evening contemporary, and we fancy that Mr. Justice Day has been inadvertently omitted from the list. Assuming these over-ripe pensioners to be model judges, is it not hard upon an overcrowded profession that they should block promotion, and blight the legitimate hopes of so many careers? But who pretends that they are model judges? Who denies that many of them "lag superfluous" on the Bench? Who does not know that most of them are peevish, unpunctual, and capricious? One can understand a servant clinging to an office to which no pension is attached. He is then playing a fair game with the public, like an annuitant with an insurance office. But these judges are offered a handsome income to make room for others, after a fifteen years' innings. We quoted the opinion of the retiring Chief Justice of

Bengal the other day, that after twelve years on the Bench in India a judge's temper and discrimination were gone. Yet we have half a dozen judges at home who have sat for over twenty years. We are loth to pick out names. Yet no one who has visited the Appeal Court in recent years can be unaware of the fact that the garrulous and irritable interruptions of its president have quite ruined legal argument as a fine art. It is impossible "to wind into your subject like a serpent" when you are snapped up at the end of every sentence by a very old gentleman. It may be good for these old judges to trot down to the Law Courts three or four days a week. It takes them away from the boredom of their homes and their own reminiscences, and gives them an appetite. Justice starves that judges may dine. How long will this abuse continue? Probably until a Bentham is returned to the House of Commons. We are unwilling to insist upon an evil without suggesting its remedy. We say unhesitatingly that every judge ought to be compelled to retire after he has sat for fifteen years, or when he has reached the age of seventy, whichever happens first; and that in the latter case his pension should be on a scale proportionate to his length of service. Not until we adopt some means to secure a Bench of judges who shall be fairly competent to do their work shall we cease to hear of the law's delay.

BRIBERY COMMISSIONS.

FROM a circumstance which will not be unknown to some of the readers of the "Saturday Review," I have of late been the recipient of many communications in respect of secret commissions and other forms of bribery; and the extent to which the evil appears to prevail is very painful to contemplate. I do not, of course, accept these communications as conclusive evidence against any particular person or class of persons; but they have roused in my mind a desire for further investigation. Amongst suggestions made are the following: That in some cases solicitors pay a commission to persons for the introduction of clients; that surgeons and physicians sometimes receive commissions from the makers of invalid chairs and surgical appliances, from opticians, and also from dispensing chemists; that some editors and subeditors of newspapers accept bribes, especially in connexion with financial affairs; that the stewards of vessels and the managers of hotels demand blackmail from those who supply things to eat and drink, and in default of payment take care to prevent the consumption of the articles in question; that matrons of hospitals are offered, by way of bribe, the discount which, if allowed at all, ought to go to the Institution. Of the truth of some of these suggestions I entertain no doubt; of the untruth of the rest I should be glad to be more sure than I now am.

It is not, of course, to be supposed that all commissions are unfair or that even all secret payments are equally black in dye. Secresy has been justly said to be a badge of fraud, and, though there are secrets that are not fraudulent, the fact of secresy is in all such cases a sufficient ground for suspicion; and every honest man before offering or accepting any such payment should ask himself whether he would be unwilling that his master or principal should know what he is doing. Even this is not always an adequate rule for conduct; for there are easygoing masters who care for none of these things, and are rather content than otherwise that their tradesmen should be blackmailed by their servants. In such cases the rule of conduct must be amended by substituting for the actual master the ideal just and righteous master; the point must be decided *secundum arbitrium boni viri*.

One class of commissions paid to the agent of one man by a third person is harmless and reasonable in itself, viz. where the receipt of this commission relieves the principal from a payment which he would otherwise make to the agent; where, for instance, a solicitor or banker employs a stockbroker to effect a purchase of shares or stock which the solicitor's client or the banker's customer has directed, and the solicitor or banker makes no charge to the client or customer, but receives in satisfaction for his services and trouble the payment of commission from the broker, the transaction is, or

may be in itself, reasonable and proper. The same is true where a solicitor effects an insurance either on life or against fire for his client. But here the commissions paid are often very heavy, and I believe far in excess of what the solicitor would receive as costs; and where there is a difference in the amount of commission paid by different offices it is obvious that the agent may be tempted to sacrifice the interests of his principal to his own. In all these cases the question remains whether the principal knows what his agent is doing and assents to it. Many old ladies of both sexes may think that the banker is acting for them from mere good nature, and without expecting any reward beyond keeping the balance of the account in hand; and in cases where the amount received is large, many a client of a solicitor would probably prefer to pay the costs of the correspondence and to be credited with the commission. So far as these commissions are retained without the full knowledge of the principal of the amount received and of the approximate amount of the costs, and also of the different rates of commission paid by different offices (where that point arises), they are, I think, wrongly retained.

One difference which affects the moral colour of the transaction is the influence which the receipt of the money tends to create on the mind of the recipient. A vale given to a butler or a trifle to a railway porter is innocent, unless forbidden by the principals; for, first, these things are known to the principals, and, secondly, they operate in aid of the duties which these principals have assumed—they quicken the efforts of the butler towards hospitality, and of the railway porter towards the performance of the duties of the company at the places of departure and arrival. But where the tendency of the payment is to create an interest adverse to that of the master, and to place the servant in the dilemma between duty on the one side and interest on the other, the evil is apparent and secresy is not the sole objection to the custom. Hence a commission secretly paid for the introduction to A of the business of B by B's agent is evil, because the agent's duty is to select the best man for the business, whilst his interest is to select the man who gives the highest premium or present or whatever else the bribe may be called. So again a percentage paid by the butcher to the cook or by the hay dealer to the coachman is in so high a degree objectionable in itself (and not by reason only of its secresy) that no master who desires that his servants as well as himself should not be led into temptation ought ever to consent to it. A case has come to my ears in which a fixed sum was offered to a cook at a certain date provided the bill at that time reached another fixed amount. A fixed payment subject to no such iniquitous condition is obviously less directly evil than a percentage. It is, however, by no means free from objection, because it tends to fasten the donor on the list of tradesmen when perhaps he ought to be struck off, and to render the recipient lax in considering whether there be excess in the amounts bought and in the prices charged.

It may be said that when an architect or an engineer is paid by a commission on the outlay he is placed in the same position of antagonism between his duty and his interest, as that to which I have above referred; this is true, and this antagonism has been, I suspect, the cause of building churches too large for the congregation, of the use of stone more costly than is needful, and of the length of some railways being greater than that of the best route; but here the antagonism is confessed, and it has hitherto been found impracticable to arrive at any other mode of payment.

Perhaps one of the blackest of all kinds of commission is that accepted by men who have assumed an office of trust and skill for their principals, and accept bribes from those over whose work or charges they are bound to keep watch. There have been cases in the Courts within the last few years which show that even this kind of transaction is not hypothetical.

There are other distinctions in the moral colour of the actors in these transactions which are so obvious that they can scarcely be overlooked, and yet they are of the last importance. Such are the differences between the tempter and the tempted; between the highly educated man who knows exactly what he is

doing and the poor cook who scarcely sees the difference between a present from her mistress and a percentage from the butcher.

The people concerned in secret commissions are, for the most part, too discreet to attempt any defence: secrecy and silence are better weapons than any other they possess. And yet here and there I have been able to detect some hints of the kind of things they say to themselves. These payments are according to "the custom of trade." Yes; that is too true. But a custom between A and B to cheat C is not a good custom in law or in morals. In order that the custom of wolves to kill sheep should be good, it must be proved to be known and approved of, not only by the wolves, but by the sheep also; and that is not so easy. Then human frailty is very comforting. "The evil referred to," says one newspaper writer, "is really due to human frailty and to a number of other causes which we are likely to have always with us." Very true; but that is no reason for not trying to grow a little better and purer in our transactions than at present we are.

There are yet more specific defences than those to which recourse is had in some quarters. The fault, according to a writer in the "Architect and Contract Reporter," rests with the man who is cheated because he does not pay his architect enough, and there "perhaps" is a duty to punish him, which is effected by means of secret commissions. "As a rule," says this writer, "clients do not comprehend how much has to be done before 5 per cent. commission is obtained, and hence they are willing to employ architects who are satisfied with one-half or one-third the ordinary fee. In such cases they ought to reflect that some compensation for insufficient fees will be discovered. It is perhaps right that stingy clients should be punished, but the odium of the underhand arrangement too often falls on those who adhere to legitimate charges." How the odium happens thus to fall in the wrong way, what there is that shifts the blame from the shoulders of the cheap architect with his bribes on to those of the honest architect with his 5 per cent. and nothing more, I do not understand. But I do understand the duty to punish the stingy client. It is such a pleasant duty!

But the writer soars yet higher in his defence. "Is gratitude," he nobly asks, "to be out of place in every building contract? To an inventor of a speciality the price paid for it is of small amount compared with the benefit he receives from its introduction into an important building. Is it a crime for him to offer some token of his indebtedness, or to submit to a pecuniary mulct, for a favour which is worth so much to him?" What heart can resist these arguments addressed to one of the noblest feelings of our nature—gratitude?

One word more. If the honest men of this country will have the courage and take the trouble to expose and to shun and to hunt down the knaves, this evil may be lessened, if not extirpated. If they have not the courage or the will to do this, the canker will go on eating deeper and deeper into our life. Legislation may possibly help and corroborate their efforts, but without their efforts it cannot effect the reform so sorely needed.

EDWARD FRY.

HOW TO ADVERTISE ONESELF.

THE illustrious Barnum once observed that, if a man's capital consisted of a shilling, one penny of that shilling should be spent in purchasing something, and the remaining elevenpence should be invested in advertising what was purchased. There was, perhaps, a touch of exaggeration in that great man's remark, but it was founded on a profound knowledge both of human nature and of the world. Intrinsically nothing is valuable; things are what we make or imagine them. Even the diamond exists on suffrage. If a man cannot persuade his fellow-creatures that he has genius, talent, learning, 'twere all alike as if he had them not. What Persius asks with a sneer, "Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter?"—is your knowledge nothing unless some one else know that you are knowing?—a wiser man would ask in all seriousness. Shakespeare was never nearer the truth than when he wrote—

"No man is the lord of anything,
Though in and of him there be much consisting

Till he communicates his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they are extended."

And never was a man more mistaken than the old preacher who said to his congregation, "If you have a talent in your napkin, you should take care not to hide it; but if you have no talent, but only a napkin, you should not so flourish your napkin as to create the impression that it is full of talents." Why this is just what nine men in ten who court fame have to do. Nature is kind, but seldom profuse. If she really endows a man with what, if trumpeted, would make him famous, the odds are she couples with her gifts pride, modesty, or self-respect, which, to say the least, heavily handicap him in the race for reputation. When she does not endow with the reality she compensates by bestowing the power of acquiring the credit for it. She is, as a rule, much too thrifty to heap on the same man the keen pleasures of genuine enthusiasm and the sweets of popular applause. An impartial mother, she loves all her children, and divides her favours equally between shams and true men. This Churchill marks in his brutal way; speaking of a certain contemporary, he describes him as endowed with

"That low cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise;
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave."

But my business is not with knaves and blockheads, but with "gentler vermin," and the quotation demands an apology.

The importance of the art of self-advertisement, as must be abundantly clear from the preceding remarks, can scarcely be overestimated. Though it is perhaps still in its infancy, its progress during the last few years has been most encouraging. The old coarse methods so familiar to us in the past and still successfully practised in the present—I mean mutual admiration cliques, log-rolling, and what is vulgarly known as pulling the strings—have been greatly improved upon and refined. Bentley's famous remark when, explaining how it was that he took to commentating, he said, that as he despaired of standing on his own legs in the Temple of Fame, he got on to the shoulders of the Ancients, appears to have suggested one of the most ingenious of modern expedients. This consists of "getting up" a memorial to some distinguished man—a statue, it may be, or modest bust. Some labour, some ability, and some learning are involved in the more cumbrous device of Bentley. But here all is simple and very easy. You are on the shoulders of your great man at a bound, and stand side by side with him in a trice. There is nothing which redounds to his credit which does not redound to your own. As the Red Indian is under the impression that in possessing himself of a scalp he possesses himself of the virtues belonging to the former owner of the scalp, so this tribute of enthusiastic admiration quietly assumes without trouble all that enthusiastic admiration naturally implies. Is the object of your homage a poet, a critic, a scholar, the very fact that you pay him homage is in itself testimony of your own right to one or other of these honourable titles. If, moreover, it should happen that you know very little about the writings of the author whom you have elected to honour, this is of no consequence; for of all the disguises which ignorance can assume, "enthusiasm" is the most effective. Nor are these the only advantages of this particular method of getting reputation. The collection of subscriptions and the formation of a committee bring you into contact, or may, if judiciously managed, bring you into contact with all your distinguished contemporaries; and we all know what the proverb says—"Noscitur a sociis"—a man is what his companions are.

An astute friend of mine once told me that he attributed all his success in life to his discovery that a certain English Classic had had no memorial erected to him. It was, he assured me, at least two thousand pounds, hard cash, in his pocket, for the Classic in question was a popular one, and he became the recognized authority on all that concerned that Classic. It led to an introduction to publishers; it led to lectures,

it led to magazine articles, it led from obscurity Barnumism.

But nothing is more effectual for purposes of self-advertisement than a device which has lately been practised with signal success. This consists of scraping up an acquaintance with some person whose name is not unknown to the general—even a second-rate novelist will do—and waiting till he dies. As there is a tide in the affairs of men, so, as we all know, there is a moment at the demise of literary men when the voracity of public curiosity knows neither distinction nor satiety. This is the moment for the self-advertiser to nick, this is the time for him to float with his defunct friend on the lips of men. He will find readers for anything he may choose to print—that letter with its exquisite compliments, that conversation in which his poor attainments were so generously over-estimated, or the importance of his slight literary services so much exaggerated. Of course, the value of such advertisements will be in proportion to the eminence of the subject of the reminiscences—and happy, thrice happy, those who were able to turn men like Darwin, Tennyson, and Browning to this account—their reputation may be regarded as made. But it is not always necessary to wait till great men die, though it is an experiment too bold and perilous for most aspirants to make this sort of capital out of them while they are still alive. Still *audentes fortuna juvat*, and it has been done. Sir Edwin Arnold has lately expressed, I confess to my great amazement, his “boundless indignation” at what I at first thought was a masterpiece of self-advertisement second only to a superb achievement of his in this line some five years ago. In the “Forum” for December 1891 this eminent poet published an article entitled “A Day with Lord Tennyson,” in which he represents the Laureate as turning the conversation on his (Sir Edwin’s) poetry. I shall not do Sir Edwin the injustice of robbing him of this gem by giving it in any other words than his own. “Hallam,” he said (Tennyson is speaking), “have you a pencil? I want to hear that verse Sir Edwin wrote under the window of St. Margaret’s Church, Westminster, since I myself was obliged to compose the first of the six.” “This was the verse I said into which I was ordered to introduce something about Mr. Lloyd and something about the Press.” Then follows the verse—with the transcription of which we can dispense, merely remarking that it included the words, “the pens that break the sceptres.” “Lord Tennyson repeated twice ‘The pens that break the sceptres, the pens that break the sceptres. I like that, Sir Edwin. Write that down, Hallam. Come again and come often!’ said Lord Tennyson, grasping my hand.” Comment on this would be quite superfluous. Tennyson is said, indeed, to have taken as much exception to the use to which Sir Edwin applied this conversation as Sir Edwin has taken to the juxtaposition of his verses with the vital principle of ox-beef from selected cattle and with Koula carpets; but I am strongly inclined to think that Tennyson’s sense of humour and Sir Edwin’s appreciation of notoriety very much softened indignation in both cases.

If Sir Edwin has ever had a rival in the important art which has been discussed—for the benefit of youthful ambition—in this article, I am inclined to think that that rival was the Rev. Aris Willmott. This now almost forgotten writer was a very voluminous author both in verse and prose; but his merits were not appreciated by an ungrateful public so much as they ought to have been. He resorted, therefore, to the following exquisitely ingenious device. He published a handsome volume, which is now before me, entitled “Gems from English Literature,” thus arranged:—Bacon, Rev. Aris Willmott, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, Rev. Aris Willmott, sandwiching himself regularly through the prose classics, and in the same way through the poets—Shakespeare, Rev. Aris Willmott, &c. As birthday books, Press notices, interviews at homes, and the like are getting a little stale, I cordially recommend this rev. author’s expedient to the notice of all who are unable to distinguish fame from notoriety, and more particularly to Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir Lewis Morris.

OUTIS.

LORD FARRER AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

II.

IN the present article I propose dealing with our Colonial trade. Adopting Sir John Macdonald’s well-known suggestion that the Colonies should give a preference to British manufactures of from 5 to 10 per cent. (but nothing less than 10 would be of any use; to be effectual it should be 15), it is somewhat difficult to arrive at a correct estimate as to what would be its effect upon the revenues of the various Colonies. However, looking at the amounts received under the heading of “Customs,” as given by the Statistical Abstract, Canada, it appears, would suffer the most, and possibly might be inconvenienced by so large a reduction as 10 per cent. on her British imports. Imports from the United Kingdom in 1895 amounted to 6 millions which paid duty; this would mean a reduction of six hundred thousand pounds, her total revenue from all sources being about 8 millions. But now that there is what is termed a Free-trade Government, all this may be changed any day. Take another case—New South Wales. The imports from the United Kingdom in 1893 exceeded 7 millions, and there was about one million and a half from foreign countries.

The Customs revenue was about two millions and a half, and the total revenue nearly 10 millions. A 10 per cent. reduction upon British goods would possibly amount to about seven hundred thousand pounds. This might be difficult to raise from any other source; but where such is found to be the case, it might well be arranged that the reduction should only be 5 per cent.; and, in order to give a 10 per cent. preference to British goods, 5 per cent. might be added to the duty paid by the foreigner. By such an arrangement no Colony need be inconvenienced, and yet British goods might receive a sufficient preferential treatment. Perhaps it may be well here to explain that, to avoid all possible friction, and all possible trouble, the Colonies should be allowed to retain their present Customs duties exactly as they now are; and, further, that they might be at liberty to make any fiscal changes at any time, so long as they did not increase the duty on British goods, but always gave them a 10 per cent. preference. All this appears to me to be very simple, and I can conceive nothing simpler: it might be carried out practically without any difficulty. If there are difficulties, as some appear to think, I must confess I do not see them. On the other hand, the task of the United Kingdom would be much more onerous, on account of the strong prejudice the working classes have against any duty upon food, and it is in this matter that the Colonies would look for concessions, and, in fact, it is in this alone that we could render them any valuable assistance. It is, however, as much to the interest of the United Kingdom to draw its supplies from the Colonies as it is for them to supply us, rather than take from foreigners who may at any time become our possible enemies. Fair-traders have for any number of years, indeed I may say *ab initio*, advocated a duty of 5s. a quarter upon foreign corn; but as prices are so much lower now than they used to be, the duty should be considerably more. I am afraid, however, it is hopeless to expect anything of the kind. As a compromise, I do not believe that any great number of the working classes would object to a 5s. duty upon all foreign corn, excepting that from the Colonies; and it would be very foolish if they did, as it can be shown and proved beyond controversy that, although it might, and probably would, raise the price to some extent, it is not at all likely to have any effect on the price of the loaf. In support of this assertion, the “Sheffield Daily Telegraph,” in a very excellent article, quoting from the official Consular Report to the House of Lords of the prices of cereals and bread abroad, says: “France approaches more nearly to our level, the price ranging from 3½d. the 4-lb. loaf to 6d. in one or two exceptionally dear towns. But France is not Free-trade; she draws a revenue of 12s. 6d. per quarter of 480 lbs.” It is important to note that from her Colonies corn comes in free. Then again: “In Germany the duty is 7s. 7d. per quarter of 480 lbs., and 9s. 3d.

per 280 lbs. the sack of flour, and the price is much the same as it is in Sheffield at this moment—namely, from 5½d. to 5¼d. per 4 lbs.” Thus we see that moderate duties have no appreciable effect on the price of the loaf. It is very important to give this thoughtful and careful consideration, as agitators, professionals, Little Englanders like Lord Farrer, and Cobdenites, in one grand chorus, are ever ready to try to make capital and stir up strife upon any proposed change, however trifling it may be. The duty on foreign flour should be considerably more than on corn, to strengthen and revive our milling industries, which are now fast going to decay. Lord Farrer blunders strangely when he says: “But it passes even Mr. Chamberlain’s cleverness to show how a differential duty can have the effect of shutting out foreign goods, except by affecting prices—i.e. by making prices higher than they would have been if there had been no differential duty. *If the duty does not affect the price, it cannot have the desired result of shutting out foreign goods.*” But it appears to me that it would have precisely the opposite effect. Suppose the normal price of a quarter of corn to be 30s., and if a duty of 5s. should raise it to 35s. the foreigner would then realize, after paying the duty, precisely the same price as he would if there were none. But supposing it does not enhance the price, the foreigner would either be shut out, or he would have to lose the entire amount of the duty; and it is this fact, this law, for it is a positive law, that will always prevent the price of any commodity being increased to anything like the normal price, plus the duty, because, the moment it approaches this point, the foreigner takes advantage of the market to pour in his surplus stocks, and down go prices again. It is for this reason and no other that, although the average duty on foreign manufactures might be equal to 15 per cent., I have calculated and consider that the price would not be increased more than 10 per cent. A 5s. duty on corn, although it would act as a substantial preference to the Colonies, would not, and could not, raise the price in the United Kingdom more than two or three shillings a quarter; and be it well remembered that the increased price would only be for a time, as eventually there is no possible reason why we should not have our necessary supplies as cheap from the Colonies as from any foreign country. And there is no reason whatever to suppose that 2s. or 3s. in the price of a quarter of corn would increase the price of the loaf one single farthing. There are several other important articles of food upon which the Colonies would expect to have a preference given to them; but these I may leave to be considered at the proper time, merely premising that their increased cost might be more than made up to the working classes by giving them a free breakfast-table. Lord Farrer, more in sorrow than in anger, tells us, “And the ‘Times,’ in its earlier and better days an unflinching advocate of Free-trade, has patted the Colonial Secretary on the back.” But it has done something more than that; it has warned the Cobdenites that their day is past. In January 1891 it said:—“There is still a considerable amount of fetish-worship; but the ideas upon which any commercial union must rest will not in future incur the *furious and unreasoning hostility* that would have greeted them twenty years ago. It is getting to be understood that Free-trade is made for man, not man for Free-trade, and any changes that may be proposed will have a better chance of being discussed on their merits rather than in the light of high-and-dry theory, backed by outcries about the thin edge of the wedge. The British Empire is so large and so completely self-supporting that it could very well afford for the sake of a serious political gain to surround itself with a moderate fence.”

There you have a true picture of the situation. But Lord Farrer, in true Little Englander style, tries to create a bogey, and warns us more than once that the United States would retaliate, and cause us serious damage; but this is simply nonsense, as they export to us vastly more than we send them, and not only that, but the increased production of food in the Colonies would be so gradual over a term of years as not to be felt, and in the meanwhile their ever-increasing population would more than recoup them. But, apart from this, America has so often inflicted

serious loss upon British trade, and that too, I regret to say, with no friendly hand, that surely we may be allowed to arrange for preferential trading within the Empire without giving just cause of offence to any one, and least of all to the United States.

To conclude with the eloquent words of the Colonial Secretary:—“To organize an empire—one may almost say, to create an empire—greater and more potent for peace and the civilization of the world than any that history has ever known (cheers), that is a dream if you like, but a dream of which no man need be ashamed (loud cheers).” This is what I have been dreaming for years, but it appears to me that the time has now come when a strong pull, a willing pull, and a pull all together cannot fail to make it an accomplished fact.

MASHAM.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS AT THE NEW GALLERY.

AFTER an interval of three years, the Arts and Crafts Society will open to-day, at a private view, a new exhibition of their work at the New Gallery. The atmosphere which gathered about the earlier efforts of the Society has in the meantime passed away, and it is, perhaps, now possible to come at some more reasonable judgment concerning their work. We find, for the most part, the same names which we found in their earlier catalogues—only two of any especial note now figure here for the first time—namely, those of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and Mr. Hermann Obrist; we find the same general character of work as in the former exhibitions; the same preponderating influence of Mr. Morris; the same signs of an extraordinary activity, of an effort to produce what shall be artistic and original, at whatever cost. If there be fewer objects of more than ordinary note, the general average is more evenly sustained: indeed, the cartoons of Mr. Henry Holiday stand apart, almost by themselves, in revealing the shopkeeper undisguised. We confess that we do not understand why these should have been admitted to the exclusion of many manufacturing firms of stained glass, who turn out equally respectable work. Again, though traits of the amateur are not uncommon, there are a few things which are entirely amateurish. It is, therefore, no longer possible to regard these exhibitions as the passing effort of some few individual artists: we shall do well, once and for all, to acknowledge them as the outcome of a permanent and flourishing movement to re-establish the decorative arts upon a basis of fine interest and good workmanship. Such a movement is not elsewhere to be found in Europe. It is not only remarkable, but unique. And whatever may be its present failures and successes, it is impossible but that out of so strenuous an activity some lasting good shall not finally come.

The greater number of the arts and crafts with which the members of the Society and their exhibitors occupy themselves must needs be, by their nature, either used subserviently to architecture, as in the case of most furniture and much decorative painting and carving, or else largely determined by architectural considerations, as in the case of stained glass or hangings. In their highest perfection, therefore, such arts and crafts must necessarily follow after an accomplished architecture—as they did, for example, in Italy during the fifteenth century. Now, if we except the fine, though limited, work of such men as Mr. Philip Webb, or his popular, though inferior, imitator, Mr. Norman Shaw, our architecture is as contemptible as it is ridiculous. Indeed, the tradition of fine architecture has, in practice, become lost among us. It is from the absence of such a tradition, of some controlling architectural spirit, that many faults of taste and no little want of a proper knowledge of effect in much of the work here exhibited, generally spring. We cannot escape the sense that these productions do not follow after an accomplished architecture; that an extraordinary effort has been made to produce, independently, and in the absence of such architecture, what must always from its nature be accessory to it. The choir stalls and desks (No. 251), which have been executed from the designs of Mr. H. Wilson for the church of Allhallows, Southwark, afford a typical instance of this.

There is much in the design and carving of the ornament upon these stalls which is as admirable as their general form and architectural details are unsatisfactory. The outline of the desk-ends suggests the outline of a rock that has worn away by the repeated action of the sea; while the upper member of the stalls looks as if it had been blocked out ready for the mouldings, which have never been worked upon it. The Fireplace (No. 295), designed by Mr. Harrison Townsend, and carved by Mr. George Frampton, is another instance of how utterly ineffective even the best ornament may be, if it is not used with due knowledge and in relation to a fine architectural setting. The one notion of architecture current among us is that of piling up decoration upon decoration; yet how sparing of ornament were the builders of some of the most effective buildings which remain to us? Of what more justly ornate interior is it possible to conceive than that of Sta. Maria delle Carceri at Prato? Yet a simple frieze, four circular plaques, a few carved capitals, and three small stained glass windows, comprise the whole of the ornaments which produce this astonishing result. Architecture does not depend upon ornament for its effect, but chiefly upon Fitness and Proportion. Where the designers of such things as Mr. Wilson's stalls and Mr. Townsend's fireplace fail is that they mistake the fantastical for the imaginative; and, in their effort to produce the artistic, forget to be first artists themselves.

On turning to the textile and embroidered fabrics, where such considerations do not carry so much weight, it is possible to speak with less qualification. As a whole, they form the most remarkable part of the present exhibition. The chief things of this kind are, doubtless, the tapestries sent by Mr. William Morris, Nos. 252 and 254, "Angeli Ministrantes" and "Angeli Laudantes," woven from cartoons by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, which have been already executed in stained glass; and No. 253, a large panel woven from the "Primavera" of Sandro Botticelli for Mr. Blunt, the author of the "Sonnets of Proteus," to commemorate the coming of age of his daughter Judith. Although this famous painting has furnished Mr. Morris with a cartoon at once more exquisite and more virile than many which he has done into tapestry, the original, however, remains a painting in tempera, and therefore required to be subjected to a certain process of translation before it could be properly rendered by a textile fabric. Admirable as are the taste and workmanship which have resulted in this tapestry, we are forced to confess that this process of translation has not been entirely carried out with success. To convey the subtle colouring of the painting in a woven fabric could, perhaps, be effected only in a certain degree; but why, instead of the delicate flesh-painting in the original, has a crude, unpleasant red been substituted, which is neither pleasing in itself nor in harmony with the other colours which occur in the tapestry? Or, to turn to something which is not merely a matter of taste, why has the little cloud which gathers about the raised wand of the Mercury been omitted, and why has the ornament on the headdress of the Venus been turned into a flame? Such deviations from the original detract from the story of the design; and such a deviation as the substitution of a coarse Gothic pattern for the delicate geometrical filigrees, worked in gold, which covered even the outer robe of the Venus, detracts from its beauty, its reticence, and its classic grace.

But even with these faults Mr. Morris's tapestries are not only remarkable but beautiful productions; and it would be easy to enumerate many textile and embroidered fabrics, which in their several ways are equally beautiful, equally remarkable: such as the carpet (No. 200) which Mr. C. F. Voysey sends, and another sent by Mr. Morris; the embroidery for a cushion (No. 194), worked at the Technical School, Hertford, from the design of Mr. Selwyn Image; the designs for damask table-cloths (No. 218), by Mr. Walter Crane; and a number of embroideries sent by Mr. Hermann Obrist. The work of this artist, as we have already remarked, figures for the first time in these exhibitions, or indeed in any exhibition in London. It possesses this distinction, that it is not only un-

influenced by Mr. Morris and his school, but it is also original. We have, perhaps, here in England carried the theory that all patterns for embroideries must be founded upon a geometrical basis a little far: Mr. Obrist seeks to obtain his effects chiefly by a delicate and masterly handling of mass and colour; and in this he succeeds to admiration. So chaste and reticent are these embroideries, that their accomplished and elaborate workmanship will perhaps be fully appreciated only by those who are practically acquainted with the technical difficulties of his art. Several of his finest pieces are exhibited in a table-case in the Gallery; and among them a table-cloth embroidered in coloured silks, in which the beauty and the fineness of the line have been rendered by the embroiderer in a very remarkable manner.

The exhibition also includes some admirable illuminations, printed books, and bindings, of which it is here impossible to speak at length. Sir Edward Burne-Jones sends his original drawings for the "Chaucer": among the cartoons for painting may be mentioned some charming pieces by Mr. Christopher Whall, and among the smaller things a painted fan by Mr. Charles Corder. One of the rooms is entirely given up to the works of the late Ford Madox Brown. This collection, which consists chiefly of cartoons for glass and decorative paintings, has been admirably well chosen, and illustrates, in one of its finest aspects, the work of this great, but little appreciated, artist. The sight of his work beside so many drawings and cartoons by Sir Edward Burne-Jones suggests a comparison which we hope to pursue upon another occasion.

THE COMPLETE ART OF WRITING BADLY FOR THE ORCHESTRA.

THE odd fact that it is difficult to write very badly for the orchestra has misled some critics into the erroneous belief that to write well for it is less an art than a natural gift. As a plain unromantic matter of fact it is a good deal more difficult to write well for the orchestra than it is even to write badly; though the truth remains that writing badly is not a thing to be lightly accomplished. Handel and Bach tried all their lives, without success; and Haydn and Mozart likewise struggled in vain. Beethoven succeeded in the end; Schubert left a few examples which one may point to with triumph; and if Mendelssohn was too superficial to do anything, even writing badly, really well, his friend Schumann left behind a number of specimens of wrongheaded, ineffective, ugly scoring which ought to be the envy of every professor of the present day. The truth is of course that the earlier men, Handel and Bach, Haydn and Mozart, were not sufficiently attended to: each one orchestrated according to his own crude notions, regardless of the deathless canons of the art laid down by predecessors who knew nothing whatever or next to nothing about the art. Beethoven seems to have been one of the first to perceive, though very vaguely, the indescribably reckless folly of this; for my readers may remember how he was not satisfied with the faults marked in his exercises by Haydn, but must needs permit the German equivalent of an English doctor—i.e. dunce—of music to correct faults which Haydn had passed over as not being faults at all; and by continuing to walk steadily in the footsteps of earlier musicians who knew less than Haydn he finally managed to attain the astonishing ugliness which distinguishes the scoring of certain parts of the finale of the Ninth symphony from anything which had been done before. But by no means let any one rush to the conclusion that Beethoven was the inventor of the modern method of learning to write badly for the orchestra. He anticipated that method, it is true, but only in a blundering sort of way, just as an imprisoned nobleman is reported to have watched a kettle boiling in the Tower, and thus been led to anticipate the invention of the steam-engine. The real inventor was Schumann. He would have none of your old-fashioned business of learning all about the orchestral instruments by living amongst them, none of your old-fashioned way of learning to write for them by writing for them. He composed piano-music until he had arrived at years of indiscretion, and then

decided to write a symphony. So he went out and bought a book—there is the grand secret—and having bought it, spent a few days in reading it, and having read it, spent a few days more in writing his symphony. And the supremacy of the new method was manifest at once when the first bars of his symphony were found to be quite unplayable and the proud inventor of the modern method of learning to write for the orchestra was compelled to transpose the melody a third higher, where it stands to this day, robbing the opening of the Allegro of a great part of its effect, and completely destroying the unity of the whole movement. At the first rehearsal the players laughed, but nowadays we do not laugh at the more laughable dodge by which Schumann escaped the consequences of writing badly for the orchestra: rather we seriously and in all solemnity look upon that mangled form of the theme as a heaven-inspired masterstroke. And very far from laughing at Schumann's method of learning to score badly, we have unanimously agreed to adopt it, and it is in general use in our music-schools; and at the present day hundreds of young men and women are receiving careful instruction in the art of writing music that cannot be listened to from eminently respectable professors who have never fallen so low as to compose a bar of music calculated to give any one a moment of genuine pleasure. The method, roughly, is this. You learn certain immutable facts about the peculiarities and characteristics of the instruments of the orchestra; and from these immutable facts you deduce certain inferences, such as that certain combinations will sound well and others the reverse, that certain passages will be easy and others difficult, and so forth. Then you commence to write; and if your splendid productions do not sound well, that, after all, is by no means your fault, but the fault of the instruments whose native obstinacy alone prevents them conforming to the theories laid down by your teachers; and perhaps you will be consoled by your score looking, if it does not sound, beautiful, and receiving high praise at examinations for musical degrees from gentlemen who profess to read scores but scarcely once in a twelvemonth test the accuracy of their inner ear by sitting through an actual performance with their outer ears open. It is widely enough recognized that if your hobby is (say) cabinet-making you cannot learn so much as to plane a strip of wood straight by reading a book, that if you sail a boat on the strength of book-knowledge you will promptly upset your craft or put her on the rocks or perhaps collide with another boat and drown a respectable family out for an innocent afternoon's fishing, that even pulling all the knockers in a street simultaneously with a single string is an art that cannot be learnt otherwise than by careful practice with some one posted to watch for the policeman. Yet an inquiry into the methods of our music-schools would lead one to suppose that if anything so useful as cabinet-making, or boat-sailing, or runaway knocking were taught there, after each failure, each accident—after each bit of wood hacked so that the parent tree would not know it, each finger taken off and stream of gore set flowing, each innocent fishing family sent to its account, each gang of runaway knockers caught redhanded—the teacher would order the pupils back to their books, back to draw more diagrams, to work more exercises. That it is a mad world, my masters (or words to that effect), has been remarked, but I shrink from thinking of the strength of language which would have been resorted to by the gentleman who made the observation had he known anything of the musical world, or seen Mr. Corder's book, "The Orchestra and How to Write for it," lately issued by Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co.—a book in which the method of studying instrumentation foreshadowed by Beethoven and developed by Schumann is almost brought to perfection.

This work is written, or at least printed and published, largely for the benefit of the Schumanns—the tenth-rate Schumanns—of the present and of the future. Those "who may at one time or another write a song, a valse, a march . . . are the individuals who need most help and for whose use a practical manual should be chiefly designed"; and Mr. Corder emphatically disclaims any intention of preaching to those who

possess "a cultivated ear and an ability to imagine the quality and intensity of sounds from written notes." This staggered me rather rudely on a first reading, and it was only when I remembered that Mr. Corder was a gentleman possessed of far too much common sense ever to succeed as a musician that the real truth occurred to me. Mr. Corder is curator of the Royal Academy of Music. Now I have always supposed a curator to be the man who looks after the mummies in a museum; though I am not at all sure of the accuracy of my conjecture that it is Mr. Corder's duty to look after the mummies in the R.A.M. But whether this is correct or not, his strong common sense must have shown him the advisability—nay, the pressing necessity—of providing his colleagues with a text-book from which they could instruct their pupils in the glorious art of writing badly for the orchestra by the most modern method. He has succeeded wonderfully well; and the student who fails to score as badly as Beethoven at his worst or Schumann at his best now stands absolutely without excuse. And lest this should seem very like excessive praise let me say that, in plain language, all I mean is that I am in decided disagreement with Mr. Corder on nearly every point connected with the orchestra and the art of writing for it. He begins by discussing the peculiarities of the various instruments, many of his remarks being useful and right, and many quite wrong and misleading. This is not of course a very serious charge to level even at one of the choicest of our Academics; but when Mr. Corder goes on to draw deductions from his axioms, and shows how Wagner and Mozart were sometimes wrong, or ineffectual at the very least, and how much better Corder could have done it, then I can only congratulate him on the daring he manifests in endeavouring to accomplish the true purpose of his book. There are—unfortunately, perhaps—few writers who would venture to tell us, as Mr. Corder does on p. 5, that a well known effect greatly used by Wagner and indeed all modern composers is "only one on paper"; that the accompaniment to one of Mozart's divinest songs "is an example of the use of mutes without justification"; that the score of one of the loveliest scenes in "Tristan"—with "strings in sixteen or more parts—is only a curiosity, and not worth the enormous labour of copying out"; that the ever fresh, ever delightful "rustic theme in the scherzo of the Pastoral symphony is uncomfortably high" for the oboe, though it only goes to high C; that "the high notes of which Bach was so fond" and which are so magnificent when passably played, "are not very pleasant to hear when they are forthcoming"; that the trumpet parts of a Mozart minuet are not so good as the cornet parts which Mr. Corder has written for it; and so forth, *ad nauseam*. Mr. Corder's courage, indeed, is clearly enough shown in his unblushing defence of the cornet and colourless valve instruments generally, against the noble and characteristic instruments rapidly falling into desuetude. Curator, Academic, though he is, he is also an iconoclast; no thought of what is due to his own position or to the Academic institutions to which he belongs, the Royal Academy of Music, namely, and Trinity College, London, induces him to stay his would-be destroying hand; where and when ever he sees an idol he strikes at it with his whole might; and if most of the idols still remain smiling and unsmashed, it is because Mr. Corder's strength, and not his will, fails him. But excellent fun though idol-smashing may be, and useful, even indispensable, as idol-smashers may be in this era of false (artistic) religions, it is hard to refrain from wishing that Mr. Corder had kept his shillelagh off the revered skulls of Mozart and Wagner and exercised it upon the images of less benignant gods standing a little nearer at hand.

But what I chiefly take exception to are Mr. Corder's directions for learning to score after some acquaintance has been made with the instruments. As Mr. Corder says, musicians—or at any rate young English musicians, who are more familiar with the piano than with the orchestra—"in spite of themselves think of pianoforte music as the normal type of music." This is a fault to be conquered by young musicians, not a virtue to be encouraged; yet what does Mr. Corder do but tell students to begin by scoring piano pieces

by such essentially pianoforte composers as Grieg and Schumann! The truth is that no one should begin to score other people's music until he has acquired the art or trick of imagining his own more or less original music for the orchestra exactly as he would wish it to sound when written down and played; and the whole art of orchestration lies in his being able to set down just the notes which, when played, will produce the effect he has imagined. But this would lead to a discussion of How to Write Well for the Orchestra, a subject which I prefer to postpone until the publication of the book which Mr. Prout is said to be preparing for Messrs. Augener's splendid series of educational works. Some of the series to which Mr. Corder's book belongs are excellent little treatises, and Messrs. Cocks, as we all know, have endeavoured to find a market for English music of a higher artistic type than finds a ready sale at the present day; and it is a matter for regret that they should have issued a book which I cannot regard as useful to any save those who wish to study the art of writing badly for the orchestra. Mr. Corder has endeavoured to teach from a book precisely what no one ever did or ever will learn from a book.

The Crystal Palace Concerts begin with an excellent programme at three this afternoon. J. F. R.

MAINLY ABOUT MELODRAMAS.

- "The Duchess of Coolgardie." A Romance of the Australian Gold Fields. In Five Acts. By Euston Leigh and Cyril Clare. Drury Lane. 19 September, 1896.
- "The Co-Respondent." A New and Original Farcical Comedy. In Four Acts. By G. W. Appleton. Theatre Metropole, Camberwell. 21 September, 1896.
- "Two Little Vagabonds." A New and Original Melodrama. By G. R. Sims and Arthur Shirley. Princess's Theatre. 23 September, 1896.

IN the interests of my own craft of literature, I really must protest against the notion that a popular play can be knocked together by any handy person who knows the ways of the stage and the follies of the public. I do not claim any greater mystery for the playwright's craft than for the scene-painter's or costumier's; but then actors and managers have not yet taken to painting their own scenes or stitching their own doublets. When they do, I shall lose no time in pointing out that painting and tailoring are none the less skilled trades because every one can see how they are done, and can even sew on a button or make a sketch in an amateur way on occasion. So far, the amateur offers himself as a cheap and convenient substitute for the author only. I therefore beg to observe, politely but firmly, that dramatic authorship, even of the routine kind, is a highly skilled trade as trades go, and that a gentleman may be an experienced actor and manager, an enthusiastic student of the stage, qualified to write and speak interestingly about it, and better versed in its illusions and those of the public than many authors, and yet be quite unable to write a play that would not be dear at the traditional tariff of five shillings an act. There is at present running at Drury Lane an entertainment called "The Duchess of Coolgardie," which is not a play at all in any serious technical sense of the word. Mr. John Coleman offers it as the work of "Euston Leigh and Cyril Clare," a flourish which we may take as a humorous avowal that some person or persons of no consequence have jumbled all the stage incidents they can remember into an entertainment wherewith to fool the public to the top of its bent. There is only one hypothesis on which Mr. Coleman can be excused for this: to wit, that "Euston Leigh and Cyril Clare" are no other than Mr. Coleman himself. In that case, I am willing to allow that Mr. Coleman cannot be blamed for his share of the inveterate delusion of the old actor that an audience can be interested in incidents and situations without believing in or caring for the people to whom these incidents and situations occur. If that were so, a shooting-gallery would be as interesting as a battlefield: the mere flash, smoke, and bang of the thing would be enough. But it is not so; and the proof is

that all the shocks, disclosures, fights, rescues, escapes, assassinations, murder trials, and recognitions of long-lost brothers which are crowded into "The Duchess of Coolgardie" at the rate of a dozen per act, do not produce as much interest as "Box and Cox," simply because the preliminary dramatic illusion which changes painted cloths into places and actors and actresses into heroes and heroines has been left out. Nobody wants to see Mr. Glenney and Mr. Vanderfeldt, in their own persons, firing blank cartridges at one another, or drearily shamming misunderstandings with Miss Hilda Spong in *her* own person. It is no doubt hard for an actor to believe that he cannot himself create any illusion; and that the very gesture, word, look, and deed with which he has infallibly brought down the house twenty times will fall flat or excite derisive laughter the twenty-first time merely because it occurs in a different play; but the public knows only too well how easily that may happen. I do not believe there is an experienced melodramatic actor in the world who has not in his head, if not actually in manuscript, a drama which must surpass all previous dramas in stage effect, since he has combined in it all the effects of all the successful melodramas of the past thirty years. Sometimes that wonderful play gets produced, with the result that not a single squib in the whole catherine wheel can be induced to catch fire; and the manager is left lamenting that he did not rather speculate in Ibsen or Maeterlinck. The author of such a work can only be compared to a man who, having noticed that many persons furtively treasure up and carry about a withered rose petal or two, should open a shop for the sale of faded flowers.

Nevertheless, some of us have breathed more freely at "The Duchess of Coolgardie" than we did at the Harrisian melodramas, because we were glad to be rid of their open exploitation of the popular-worship of sport, fashion, and jingoism, in scenes which it did nobody any good to gloat over. In "The Duchess" there is an air of returning to the simple, hearty, honest sentiments of ideal primeval humanity. But an attentive examination of the play from the ethical point of view will suggest that the main difference is one of expense. The Harrisian scenes on the racecourse and parade-ground, and in the Row, were dear. Primitive sentiment is cheap. When I see nuggets, chests of gold, and pocket books containing twenty thousand pounds, sticking all over a melodrama like raisins in an unwholesome cake—when I detect acute appreciation on the dramatist's part of the spell which a profuse handing round of champagne casts on a world which can only afford to drink beer—when I see threats, blows, oaths, fights, and, above all, that hypocritical savagery which revels in the moral pastime of hounding down a criminal, I may admire the economy and simplicity of Mr. Coleman's methods as compared with those of the late Sir Augustus Harris; but the moral atmosphere does not strike me as being at all more bracing. His patriotism, in particular, is a miracle of cheapness. As an Irishman, I have, of course, noticed that the ceremony of drinking the health of my native land never palls on a true British audience. In no country is patriotism more popular than in England, especially Irish, Polish, Italian, and Balkan patriotism. In the same way, English patriotism, expressed by a British tar with a Union Jack and an aptitude for the hornpipe, is by no means unacceptable in Ireland. This is natural enough; for the country you have never lived in is the one about which you are most likely to have romantic illusions. It was, therefore, shrewd enough of Mr. Coleman's to discard all the expensive jingo machinery of Sir Augustus Harris, with its troopships and battles and magazine-gun fusillades, and to replace it by a single Irish actor, especially when there was so clever a one at hand as Mr. J. L. Shine, certainly the best sympathetic stage Irishman we have had since Boucicault, and a past master at the sort of humbug which the Irishman learns in England in the course of his attempts to impose on the inhabitants.

Where Mr. Coleman has truly distinguished himself is by the discrimination with which he has chosen his company. For some years past our managers and authors have been for the most part so incapable of distinguishing good acting from bad, or even competent

professionalism from cautious helplessness, that, in spite of the share of the stage in the general and inevitable march of progress, there is really some foundation for the complaint that the better an actor knows his business the harder he finds it to get engagements. All the marketable qualities are negative ones; and all the positive ones are stamped as dangerous, as they of course are at a theatre where the manager does not know how to employ them. Mr. Coleman, however, has secured a highly efficient cast; and had he but indulged himself and the public with a real dramatic author as well, the combination might have proved a great managerial success. Mr. Vanderfeldt for the villain is as happy a choice as Mr. Shine for the Paddy: he succeeds in holding together and individualizing a shamelessly absurd part. Mr. Hermann Vezin supplies the requisite importance to the Warden without trouble to himself; and Mr. Charles Glenney, Mr. Laurence Cautley, Mr. Lowne, and Mr. Oswald Yorke are all judiciously cast. Miss Hilda Spong plays with grace and sympathy: her good looks are not a mere stage effect, nor her refinement an affectation. Miss Laura Johnson appears as an aboriginal black boy in a part which is an obvious silk patch on a shoddy play. She plays it with refreshing audacity and aptitude, her keenness, and the peculiar jarring, bird-of-prey note in her voice, serving her well on this occasion. On the whole, "The Duchess of Coolgardie" seems to me to prove that, with Mr. Coleman to choose the actors and somebody else to choose the play, Drury Lane might hold its own for some time yet.

Albeit not used to the melting mood, the critics sobbed most pathetically over "Two Little Vagabonds" at the Princess's. This excessive appreciation of a drop of sentiment in a thirsty land is, perhaps, natural; but in my case Nature has not been so prodigal in her gift of tears as to justify me, a prudent man, in wasting many of them on Wally and Dick. I remember once, when a play of my own was accused of being a pamphlet, replying that I heartily wished the accusation were true, as there was nothing so popular on the stage as a dramatized pamphlet, except a dramatized tract. This pregnant observation has not been lost on Mr. Sims. He has saturated himself with the sentiment of Dr. Watts's "My Mother," and made it the agent of salvation in a dramatic version of the familiar tract of the boy thief who suddenly finds conviction of sin, and resolves to steal no more. This crisis is brought about by the well-known situation of the Bishop and the candlesticks in "Les Misérables," with the mother as the Bishop, her purse as the candlesticks, and the boy-thief (her own son, needless to observe, though she does not know it) as Jean Valjean. All this is not so bad: indeed, the situation in the third act, where the mother, after taking an unfortunate little waif to her house as her son, and completely gaining his affection, discovers that he is a changeling, and is afraid to break his heart by telling him so, is touching and fresh. Besides, Mr. Sims is a humourist, and has some genuine faculty as a storyteller. With such a safe subject as these two modern Babes in the Wood he can easily keep an audience amused if they are not too exacting about his workmanship and the truth of his touches of nature. Unfortunately there is a good deal more than this in "Two Little Vagabonds." It begins with that repulsive piece of stale nonsense, the impossible misunderstanding which leads the hero to believe that the heroine is the mother of her sister's illegitimate child, and thereupon to behave towards her with the unspeakable baseness and folly vulgarly supposed proper to men of honour on such occasions. Then there is a silly sensation scene, void of all interest or credibility, which the gallery receive partly with derision and partly with the sort of approbation we give to things we do not value, when, since we are accustomed to have them provided for us, they cannot be omitted without slighting us. The attitude of the sixpenny and shilling playgoer on this point is exactly like that of the pedestrian who, when you are bicycling, curses you if you pass him without ringing your bell, not that he has been unaware of your approach, or is in the slightest danger from you, but because, conceiving that he is entitled by law to have a bell rung in his honour, he feels belittled by

any neglect of that ceremony. In dealing with cognate demands in the theatre a dramatist has to choose between offending the foolish playgoers and the sensible ones; and as I happen to be, in my own opinion, one of the sensible ones (as far as a fundamentally foolish business admits of sensibleness), the sensation scene at the Princess's so completely broke my interest in the play that I left immediately after it, though I foresaw that Wally was going to die with intense pathos in the last act.

However, short of senselessly pretending to enjoy what no properly qualified London critic could possibly take seriously, or to be impressed by devices which every one connected with the theatre speaks of in private as despicably ridiculous, I am anxious to show my sense of the enterprise of the management at the Princess's, where popular drama at reasonable prices has been kept going with great energy throughout the year. It seems to me, by the way, that the critics of the Sunday papers might help a good deal by a vigorous remonstrance with the frequenters of the gallery for their occasional lapses into blackguardism. The majority of the gods are no doubt perfectly decent people, quite sincere in their applause of the chivalrous sentiments uttered upon the stage. But they should not allow the minority to discredit them by insulting every actress whose part requires her to make some demonstration of affection to her stage lover. Acting is impossible under such conditions; and an audience which cannot keep order in this respect spoils the entertainment it has just paid for, and makes fine artists very reluctant to accept engagements to act to it, not to mention that it disgraces itself.

The cast of "Two Little Vagabonds" includes Miss Geraldine Oliffe, who must rather envy Miss Tyndall and Miss Fairbrother their easy and popular parts as the two boys. It is quite up to the West End standard, and is, in fact, rather thrown away on the play, which, though quite likely to be successful, does not suggest any standard at all.

At the Metropole Theatre in Camberwell Mr. Mulholland last week produced a new farcical comedy called "The Co-Respondent," by Mr. G. W. Appleton. The house laughed a good deal; and as I joined in the merriment, I suppose I cannot honestly say that the play missed its mark, though I should certainly advise Mr. Frank Wyatt and Miss Violet Melnotte to think twice before transferring it to the West End.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

IN general terms, there is little or nothing to be said of affairs in the "House." Quotations show in almost every case a slight, in some few instances a decided, improvement; but there is no salient feature. The outlook is fairly good; but movements, we think, will be slow and somewhat erratic. Money remains cheap, and trade keeps dull.

Home Rails have improved—which is what we expected. Especial strength has been displayed by the "Heavies," in which the "bull" account, based on cheap money, has now been cleared out. On the whole, the traffic returns continue to be satisfactory, despite the unfavourable character of the weather, which might have told with some effect upon the issues of the Southern lines. As a matter of fact, however, these stocks have been decidedly firm, and "Berthas" in particular. The two "Macs" have been quiet and featureless.

The Foreign department has fallen a prey to the prevailing lethargy. Among "International Stocks," Italian Rentes tend upward, and, as we have stated before, this is warranted by the change that has recently taken place in the financial conditions. On the other hand, Spanish bonds tend to decline, but they have a long downward path to pursue before the price will come near the actual value of the security. South American securities have improved.

The American Railway Market has been firm in tone, but the upward movement in prices, which to

many observers seemed to be almost inevitable, can scarcely be attributed to an article in one of the daily journals. The advance, we think, is not likely to be sustained, for there is little to justify a substantial increase in market values. The Canadian Pacific is "going strong," the August revenue statement showing a net gain of \$168,000, the increase in the expenditure being small in comparison with the addition to the gross revenue. Grand Trunks remain immersed, almost without sign of life, in a slough of despond.

The Mining Market still looks rather weak, and yet apparently without much reason. Prices have moved irregularly. The "Kafir Circus" lacks animation, and it is to be feared that for some time to come it will be lifeless. Westralias look better, and should go better. The same may be said of New Zealand shares. Indian Gold-mining shares do not attract much speculative attention; but they will slowly and quietly improve as investments.

No special movement has taken place in the market for Miscellaneous Securities. A few reports have been issued, but none of special interest. We note that the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, which is excellently managed, distributes 7 per cent. as usual.

The Bank of Australasia is a very old institution. It has survived the storm and stress which a short time ago overwhelmed all other Australasian institutions, except the Bank of New South Wales, perhaps the strongest of banks at the Antipodes, and the Union of Australia. So far the Bank of Australasia has not been able to make up for lost ground, since the dividend just declared is no more than 5 per cent., which is small for any trading concern, particularly for a bank, and contrasts but poorly with the days of 12½ per cent. or 15 per cent. It seems, however, judging from the report of the bank for the past half-year, that the outlook is becoming brighter. It says that "business generally in the Colonies during the half-year has shown signs of improvement, and a slightly better demand for property is reported. The coming season, too, promises to be more favourable for squatters and agriculturists. The 'tick' pest amongst cattle is causing anxiety in some districts of Queensland, but the Government are taking active measures to isolate the infection. The advance in the value of wool has not been maintained, and the frozen-meat trade still continues depressed, though some improvement in the latter has recently taken place. The bank's business shows an increase upon that of the preceding half-year, though, unfortunately, the low rates prevailing prevented a corresponding improvement in the profit." It appears that we cannot expect great things in the near future; but evidently the shareholders can look forward with some confidence to a reward for their patience.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

SOUTH SWAZILAND.

The shareholders—we should like to know how many of them there are—in the South Swaziland Gold and Exploration Company, the destinies of which appear to be swayed by a Mr. Armstrong, a solicitor, would do well, we think, to make a searching inquiry into the genesis of the Company, its present mode of management, the validity of the rights to its property and the prospects of the undertaking. Perhaps Mr. Armstrong, who certainly does not lack the *suaviter in modo*, will afford us a little information.

A SMALL BREWERY.

No reasonable objection can be made, so far as we can see, to Chandler's Wiltshire Brewery; but two points in its prospectus may be emphasized. One is that while a moderate and proportionate capital is naturally desirable, yet, when the amount is small, the cost of raising it publicly generally absorbs far too much of the total. It may easily cost as much in some ways to float a concern with a capital of £50,000 as one which is capitalized at, say, a quarter of a million. Again, in the case of small companies, there is the disadvantage that these issues possess of necessity

but small and restricted markets, so that to buy or sell is always attended with difficulty and loss. Ventures of this character should be, it seems to us, subscribed for locally. They are hardly fitted for general consumption.

NOT SUFFICIENTLY EXPLICIT.

It is difficult to discover the "true inwardness" of such a company as the Champion Extended and Home Rule Gold Mines. The capital is rather large—viz. £150,000—and the prospectus is not adequately described by being simply termed meagre. Nor is there much in the directorate to inspire an excessive degree of confidence, especially as the chairman, Sir E. T. Gourley, parades the fact that he is a director of the Lady Loch Gold Mines—a property which is at present regarded, with or without reason, as hardly satisfactory. It is interesting to know that the reports upon the property are good, but it is rather curious that we should be told that they are too lengthy to be quoted in full. And, again, we would ask what is meant in such a case as this by opening the list on one day and closing it the next? We are not so credulous as to believe that the issue is fully under-written, nor to think that the public will make a mad rush for the shares. Is the idea to make a virtually artificial issue and then peddle out the shares indirectly? This mode of procedure has recently become popular; and we should be glad to learn why the Champion Extended and Home Rule Gold Mines have adopted it.

A CONTRACT CORPORATION.

The London and Westminster Contract Corporation (Limited) offer for subscription 100,000 £1 shares at a premium of 10s. per share. In less than three months after formation the directors were able to declare a cash dividend at the rate of no less than 40 per cent. per annum. The present issue is made in order to acquire a number of what seem to be valuable properties or rights. In the circumstances the directors appear to be justified in asking a substantial premium for the new shares. While necessarily of a speculative character to some extent, they seem to offer a considerable opportunity of profit to those who have any thing adventurous in their temperament.

GRAY & GILBERT.

Lord Randolph Churchill once referred to the leaders of the party to which he was opposed as Marshall & Snelgrove, this being the expression of his unmitigated scorn for absolute respectability. Gray & Gilbert can lay claim to the latter, and with some good reason. The capital, it is true, is £200,000; but the profits recently have amounted to nearly £30,000 per annum, which amount seems likely to be increased in the near future. Read the prospectus, and it will be seen that the numerous businesses to be acquired by Gray & Gilbert will form an industrial undertaking of some importance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ATTACKS ON THE CONGO ADMINISTRATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 30 September, 1896.

SIR,—The anti-British line intended to be pursued by Mr. Stanley is evident from the outset of his article in last Saturday's "Review." He regards Lieutenant Lothaire's execution of Mr. Stokes as a "rash act of harsh justice, exceedingly unfortunate for Belgian officials!" The State law and outraged humanity have condemned it as wilful murder, absolutely unjustifiable; and all the civilized and sane in Christendom have considered the misfortune as peculiarly Mr. Stokes's. Passing from Lothaire, whom he pretends to be exceptional among Congo officials, Mr. Stanley commences a defence of the State administration against the attacks made thereupon by Mr. Parnmenter and myself. He has throughout ignored the assaults delivered by countless Swedes, Germans, French, English, and Belgians, and neither in the

House of Commons nor in the Press did he defend the State when Mr. Secretary Chamberlain officially admitted that "it was quite true that hundreds of coloured British subjects had been forced to serve as soldiers, cruelly flogged, otherwise ill-treated, and, in many cases, murdered by Belgian officers and sub-officers," or when Lord Salisbury, Lord Kimberley, and Sir Charles Dilke made it quite clear, even to the Government Press, that the charges against Congo administrators were but too thoroughly established by official reports. . . . Thrice to public knowledge Mr. Stanley has donned wig and gown and opened the pleadings. These public appearances have all been made this month. The first was in a monthly periodical: it was entirely personal, and will be met in detail next month by myself. The second was in a letter to the "Times": it also was peculiarly personal to myself coupled with Mr. Parminster. How the second defence has been regarded in Belgium is manifest in the fact pointed out again and again by "Le Patriote" of Brussels, that the organ of the Congo Government has contented itself by describing the letter as "decisive," but "has not dared to quote the letter itself, or a single extract, nor even to give a *résumé*," because all Belgium would have laughed at what the pro-Congo papers have criticized as a defence actually strengthening the attack. All will admit that Mr. Stanley has no right to act as judge. . . . Witness, in denial of events testified by eye-witnesses to have occurred, it is equally apparent he cannot be, because of the thousands of miles space between the scene of action and himself. Availing myself of inalienable right, I meet his appearance in the jury box with "peremptory challenge." Counsel is the only *rôle* left him to play. . . . Mr. H. M. Stanley, M.P. for Lambeth, simply assails his countrymen (who have nought to gain and much to suffer on account of telling the truth in the interests of humanity) as *briefed* counsel for the Sovereign of the Congo State, in virtue of the well-fee'd retainer very plainly declared in Schedule 39 of a famous State Paper published to the Belgian Chamber:—"Mr. Stanley engages to serve his Belgian Majesty in Europe, as he may be commanded, for £1,000 p. a. until 1900, and shall not, by speech or writing, publish aught concerning Congo affairs, save only with the King's consent."* . . . I venture to assert every English gentleman will treat with contemptuous indifference Mr. Stanley's attack upon Mr. Parminster, too, now the surrounding circumstances are made known. Parminster! Why, it was the very name given by Mr. Stanley himself as that of his *one* witness in his opening in this month's "United Service." This was the gentleman (neither I nor, possibly, Mr. Stanley knew of his return) held out as "example" for my "imitation" if I "wished to commend" myself "to the consideration of the Congo authorities"! This was the witness who was to prove there was "no cause for complaint" against State administration! This is he who was to *bless*! The army in Flanders never cursed so heartily. This is he by whom "Captain Salisbury was outdone"! It is a purely personal affair, but I cannot help the egoism; I have laughed until I have nearly died of laughing over this happy coincidence. Heaven grant "your gentle readers" will be able to control themselves sufficiently to "exercise their judgments fairly." Counsel—and one boasting £1,000 briefs ought to have this elementary knowledge—are not allowed to cross-examine their own witnesses. Mr. Stanley was bound to stand or fall—he has had a terrible fall indeed—by his own "more impartial witness than Captain Salisbury"; and it is not within his prerogative to detract from the character of the man he put into the box. In all his pleadings Mr. Stanley has acted on the principle of "No case; abuse the opposing attorney"! Mr. Parminster may have displayed extreme simplicity, but he did nothing disgraceful in applying to Mr. Stanley "for a recommendation." This trivial personality is typical of the irrelevant character of Mr. Stanley's defence of his clients. I will endeavour to show, too, that he had perfect justification in applying "to the Congo State for a character." He cannot say this for himself; and, if I lose every line of the space kindly allotted to me for

* Since writing this, the Belgian papers have called marked attention to this contract, in the same spirit as that in which the text has been written.

defence of myself against the attack I can easily prove utterly unjustified, it were a self-sacrifice well made on behalf of one with whom I had the pleasure of personal acquaintance in Congoland; and the terms employed will be sufficiently decided to make any charge of desire for any reciprocity in compliment impossible; for, after this, Mr. Parminster cannot, if he would, say "You're another!" A *fearless, honest, genial, honourable English gentleman!* Such was, to my knowledge, Mr. Parminster's character among the Belgians themselves in the State prior to his blurring out the irrepressible truth. Such *is* and will be handed to future generations—if the Belgians permit any to exist—by tradition, his reputation among the natives whom he, unarmed, unharmed, and without other escort than his fair fame, could freely visit and welcome; among whom neither Mr. Stanley nor Belgian agents would dare go without a numerous and well-armed soldiery. Despite the present defamation, the cause of which is patent, such reputation as he justly gained in Congoland must not be filched from Mr. Parminster now that he has returned to his own people. Mr. Stanley is "*one of the incredulous*," he says; he may occupy a unique position in this country, he certainly has no sympathizers in Brussels, where, says a leading Belgian journal, "no one any more believes the *lies* issued by the Congo authorities." The Belgian Press declares Mr. Parminster and myself stand uncontradicted. Space forbids my dealing at such length and in such detail with the whole subject as it demands: it is too limited, indeed, to enable me to meet, one by one, and demolish all the points advanced, without the least relevance to the issue, against ourselves personally. The tortures applied to Mr. Parminster are those of my earlier experience, only the hands working the machinery, directed by one predominant will, are different. State Secretary Liebrechts, who had authority over me, but none over Mr. Parminster, has dealt with my friend (with whom I have had no communication since we were in Africa), and he has declared that "he travelled with a *harem*." I met Mr. Parminster several times when travelling, and I most emphatically avow that there was not a single female in his company on any occasion. Indeed, the limited dimensions of his tiny steam-launch prohibited any one, beyond the actual crew, finding an inch of space aboard. Mr. Liebrechts has also declared that he was "*dismissed from the State service*." Mr. Parminster has proved the allegation absolutely false. Oddly enough, Mr. Stanley has published that I was "*dismissed*" from the State service too. I suppose Mr. Parminster to have given his denial in elegant French. I give mine to Mr. Stanley in the plainest English. It is a positive lie, well known by its author—who has changed the tune in the "Saturday Review"—to be without the slightest justification. Mr. Stanley makes the following statements in the "Review" with direct relation to myself. I shall meet them curtly, but equally directly. He says I was employed for the purpose of aiding Lieutenant Dhanis in the suppression of the slave-raider. . . . I was not intended to have aught to do with Monsieur Dhanis, and had nothing to do with him. "Among those who answered an advertisement of *mine*," says Mr. Stanley, was "a Captain Salisbury." Mr. Stanley had met me before, and, as my father knew all about a little boy at Ruthin whose *matronymic* was Rowlands, so did Mr. Stanley know who I was, sufficiently to avoid the indefinite "*a*." I never answered any advertisement purporting to issue from Mr. Stanley, and never saw anything of him save "Founding the Congo State." . . . He says I represented myself as having had colonial experience. I say it is a deliberate falsehood. He says I represented myself as knowing French and having many Belgian friends. As to the first, I simply say, and those with "local knowledge" will recognize that my pretensions are not carried very high, my knowledge of French is superior to Mr. Stanley's; as to the second, it was wholly, and, I trust I may still say, is partly true. My Congo madness did not suddenly develop in London; it commenced when I first saw the *chicot* used, was maintained at fever-heat daily throughout my sojourn in Africa (with a very short breathing interval), because the provoking cause was always present and will prevail so long as memory last. "He wrote violent articles in the Press." He did and will continue writing as violently

as the Press will allow. Others have written violent articles in the Press. It is contagious. Mr. Stanley has been informed that I also lectured frequently. That were true if the reference—three hundred times repeated—were to other than Congo topics. If Mr. Stanley means that I lectured on the Congo, he has been misinformed; but I shall be glad to join him on a "Box and Cox" tour in that relation. Mr. Stanley has discovered that I have been honestly paid every penny due to me. He has the reputation of a great discoverer, and he lives up to his reputation. My agent and I have only found an extraordinary deficiency account. In one of Mr. Stanley's disinterested but interesting representations of what he is pleased to treat as my financial affairs (an act of unpardonable impertinence if they were mine, but they are not), he debits me more than one-fourth of my total dues, under one head, "To value of goods advanced on the Congo." The acting Governor-General, in his signed and officially sealed account under that head, has charged me with a more than twenty-one times smaller amount, 54 instead of 1,183 francs. That "all the value of kit and expenses of journeys" have been "refunded" is grotesquely contrary to facts. The "munificence of the State" in paying me for six months what they contracted to pay for many months yet to come was the "munificence" displayed by any employer to his employé. . . .

Mr. Stanley, cleverly avoiding details, mentions that the "King took no notice" of a letter of mine which was no more nor less than a "dun." Quite true; and, as the money was due, his Majesty acted wisely, if a little ir-regally and illegally. Mr. Stanley, if he does not know, will be pleased to learn that the "King took no notice" of a much earlier letter, written on my return, offering my report on Congo matters, and plainly declaring, in the preamble, that it would make manifest a very black picture of Congo administration. The King knows all, the "superior authorities" know all, and most of them are conspicuous in doing the worst of the all. With the exception of a trifling detail, all that Mr. Parminster has published was offered by myself to the "Times" months ago. These few details are but mildly typical illustrations of a series of similar offences against the laws of God and man daily committed throughout the Congo State. Nothing within my experience or hearsay knowledge of the Bashi-Bazouks' outrages in 1876 and 1877—the experience endowed me with excellent bases for institution of comparisons—was more horribly outrageous than was continually within my experience in Congoland. Details would fill—do fill, indeed—a volume of type-written matter. "Mad" as I may be and am against the State, I am not such a lunatic to repeat, at Mr. Stanley's bidding, what I have done without any result such as he pretends would follow, but *I know would not*—i.e. give details and data which shall enable his imaginary "thousand" Belgians in Congoland . . . to deny them wholesale. Enough has already been given to enable justice to be done. *Fiat justitia.* I have seen the "snake in the grass," and I hope Mr. Parminster will not be lured by the gentle cooing of the Stanley dove toward a spot marked "dangerous" as yet. "The chickens are coming home to roost," and when some more have returned, the beating of the wings in unison will be loud enough to awaken any who may have been lulled to sleep by assurances of such soporific qualities as those given by Mr. Liebrechts and Mr. Stanley "as commanded and with the King's consent."

PHILIP H. B. F. SALUSBURY.

[We have had to cut out certain passages in this letter. The excised portions are indicated thus We do not think we have done the argument any harm by these excisions. We might perhaps have cut out more with advantage; but Captain Salusbury evidently regards strong language as effective.—ED. S. R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

PARK HOUSE, FORT ROYAL, WORCESTER, 30 Sept., 1896.

DEAR SIR,—In an article in your edition for the 19th I see that Mr. Stanley has again taken up the cudgels for the purpose of defending the Congo State and its proprietor from the recent attacks made on them.

Of Mr. Stanley's innuendoes I will take no notice. But I really must be allowed to correct him when he says that I actually wrote to him for a recommendation to some African Company. It would interest me greatly to hear the name of this Company: and unless Mr. Stanley can satisfy me upon this point I shall be forced to believe that he must have drawn upon his well-known fertile imagination for it.

I certainly did write to the Congo Government for a certificate, and received the following:—

"Bruxelles, Place du Trône.

"Etat Indépendant du Congo,
Département de l'Intérieur.

"Je soussigné certifie que Mons. Alfred Parminster a fait partie de notre personnel au Congo depuis le 1^{er} Juin 1884 jusqu'au 15 Novembre 1886, époque à laquelle il est rentré en Europe pour cause de maladie.

"Pendant le temps qu'il a passé à notre service Mons. Parminster s'est acquitté de ses devoirs à la satisfaction du Gouvernement.

"En toutes circonstances il a montré de l'intelligence, du zèle et une grande initiative dans l'accomplissement des missions qui lui ont été confiées."

"En foi de quoi le présent certificat lui a été délivré."

"Le Secrétaire Général,

"(Signé) LIBRECHTS.

"Bruxelles, 12 Août, 1896."

I leave Mr. Stanley and your readers to judge whether I am satisfied or not with it.—I am, yours truly,

A. PARMINTER.

"ABDUL THE DAMNED."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

EDINBURGH, 30 September, 1896.

SIR,—If it be right for Englishmen to war with words, let us, in coining opprobrious epithets, at least avoid barbarisms. It is too bad in learned scholars, who would blush to be detected in so much as a false quantity in the dead languages of antiquity, to divest themselves of all sense of propriety when dealing with one of the great living languages of the Eastern world. "Abdul" is not a name, or even a word. It is *a'bd* (=slave, worshipper), in construction with *'l*, the Arabic definite article; while *Hamid* (etymologically, *one who is praised*) indicates the Almighty. Thus the compound name "Abdul Hamid," being interpreted, is Servant of God. Not another word is needed to show how ridiculous and bizarre it is to treat a part of a name like this—as, e.g., "John" in "John Smith" is treated. Some may deem it mere pedantry to bring out points of this description. Unhappily, however, the ignorance which renders it possible for expressions like "Abdul the Damned" to pass current in newspapers but too well serves to typify the crass misunderstanding of many Oriental subjects which is prevalent in England.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

MILES.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 PERU STREET, HIGHER BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER,
23 September, 1896.

SIR,—Some thirty-five years ago a notice in the "Saturday Review" led me to purchase a copy of the "Golden Treasury." This little book has been a constant companion of mine during holidays, and at many other times in the course of an active business life. Your remarks in last week's issue have had a peculiar interest for me; for, though I quite concur with the tenor of your criticism on the alterations in the later editions of the book, you single out one poem, the omission of which you speak of with special regret; I refer to the "Dying Man in his Garden." I confess I have never come across this poem without a feeling of pain and resentment, and a sort of dull wonder that it should have been thought worthy of such good company.

Why should a human being, though aged and dying, if you please, be compared with a snail, to the advantage of the latter, or taunted with being a "wretched creature," as in the lines you quote?—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

IVAN JACKSON.

REVIEWS.

FROM DARWIN TO DRINK.

"The Present Evolution of Man." By G. Archdall Reid. London: Chapman & Hall. 1896.

MR. ARCHDALL REID has written a book more than worth a reading. The reader, however, will require not a little patience with the earlier chapters, as these largely consist of dull but pertinacious criticism of other authors. Moreover, annoying little slips in scientific terms and names, and inexact accounts of the kind of matter to be found in elementary text-books, contribute to early unfavourable impressions of the book. But if the reader be well advised and persist, he will find gradually that a few definite and novel conceptions rise from the confused details, and that Mr. Reid had something worth the saying to say. In the first half of his book he endeavours, from a study of the general process of organic evolution, to develop three main propositions, and in the second to apply these to the contemporary evolution of man.

First, Mr. Reid insists on the great importance of an existing tendency to retrogression in all species. Under various forms the influence of a cessation of selection with regard to any particular quality has been discussed by various writers. It is well known, for instance, that natural variations in the quality of the eyes occur in all creatures. In the ordinary circumstances those with less perfect eyes are at a disadvantage, and, other things being equal, leave less progeny. But in the case of creatures brought into a dark cave, negative variations of sight would cease to be disadvantageous; natural selection would cease to weed out the imperfect, and the eyes of the whole race would gradually deteriorate. What has been called reversed selection might operate to favour the least perfect variations; for a delicate organ like the eye would be a source of weakness to a creature living in the dark and unable to avoid accidental contact with obstacles. What Mr. Reid particularly insists upon is the existence of a natural tendency to retrogression in all creatures under all circumstances. The features of a race that have been acquired most recently are in a real sense the most superficial of its qualities. They appear latest in the individual development, and as there is a constant tendency to partial arrest of development, these latest stages are very easily lost. As soon as selection ceases to operate upon any character, there is an immediate tendency to revert rapidly to the condition anterior to the appearance of the character.

Mr. Reid's second proposition is still better known. It is the familiar conclusion of Weismann, so bewildering and paradoxical to those who are considering it in the light of preconceived ideas, that acquired characters are not inherited in the case of all but single-celled creatures. A great part of the difficulty in the matter results from the confusion of ideas in the words "acquired character," and Mr. Reid's analysis should help many to realize that what they regard as indisputable instances do not touch the real issue at all. He discusses, for instance, the inheritance of diseases in a fashion which makes plain the real problem. There is abundant evidence that children inherit from their parents constitutions more or less able to resist the attacks of many diseases; and there is equally abundant evidence that the actual germs of disease may pass bodily from either parent to the progeny. So, also, in the case of mental acquisitions; there is abundant evidence that children inherit from their parents minds more or less apt for, say, languages, but there is no germ of Latin or Greek Grammar by which a growing embryo may be infected, and, however a child may have inherited linguistic ability from parents, he will have to begin his accidence and syntax from the beginning. The unproved and improbable side of this question, clearly brought out by Mr. Reid, is that the change produced on an organism by an environment should be reflected on the germ-cells within the organism in such a fashion that when these germ-cells blossom into a new organism, the reflected change in the germ-cell should grow out into a condition of the

new adult at all like the acquired character of the parent adult. An English letter of Mr. Gladstone recently was translated into French, and a translation from this French was telegraphed over to a London paper. No one would expect the second English version to be a reproduction of the original version, and yet those who insist on the inheritance of acquired characters demand from us belief in a much more astonishing double translation. The environment writes certain characters on a body in a most complicated series of changes of cells and tissues. These characters would have to be impressed by some unknown means on the egg, a structure without cells and tissues and with qualities almost incommensurable with the qualities of the adult body. That is the first translation. The second, to justify the popular belief, is that the organism coming from the egg-cell should receive from it the precise characters written upon the parent.

Mr. Reid's third great point is more novel and perhaps more interesting. He believes that, at least in the case of all the higher animals, a chief feature encouraged by natural selection is an enormous power for individual variation in response to environment. In each individual life the moulding forces of what the French call the *media*, the sum total of the environment, play a part much greater than was at one time suspected. Those creatures have advantage in the struggle for existence which are most ready to respond to external changes. This interesting view, developed at considerable length, is curiously parallel to the results obtained by Professor Groos, of Giessen, from his study of the games of animals. The German Professor, whose book appeared almost simultaneously with Mr. Reid's, pointed out that the difference between higher and lower creatures, between creatures acting from reason and creatures blindly following instinct, depended largely on the presence or absence of a period of youth, during which there might be made experimental adaptation to new environment.

We have left less space for the second part of Mr. Reid's volume, in which he applies his conclusions to the evolution of man. This matters the less as we make no doubt that even those who found the first portion dull will read the second with keen interest. Mr. Reid is convinced that the physical side of the contemporary evolution of man is largely a struggle against disease. It is plain that he is better acquainted with medicine than with biology, and he marshals and presents in a fascinating fashion a large body of evidence to show that in different parts of the world different diseases are conducting a kind of artificial selection on the human race. He makes a suggestive distinction between diseases like malaria, the microbe of which flourishes independently of man in external culture grounds, and diseases such as tuberculosis and the acute exanthemata, the microbes of which can maintain existence only for a short time outside a living host. The latter, as they are unable to multiply or even to live for long except within bodies, are essentially diseases of crowded districts and dense populations, and must be supposed to have come into existence only comparatively recently in the history of the human race. No doubt at one time their microbes, like the microbes of malaria, were not true parasites, but gradually became adapted to living hosts.

In the final portion of the book Mr. Reid deals with mental evolution in man, and comes to the surprising conclusion that alcohol is the chief agent of which we have evidence as affecting it. He makes out a very good case to show that excess in alcohol affects the duration of life unfavourably. He dismisses the popular superstition that an actual craving for alcohol is inherited, and he is left with the proposition that it must be the mental disposition to temperance or to excess that is the chief factor in determining whether or not a man shall shorten his life by alcohol. Then he tries to show—and, to our view, shows with impressive success—that it is those races with longest experience of alcohol that are now the most temperate, those races with most recent experience that are least temperate. At the temperate end of the scale come the Latin races of South Europe, who have had the opportunity of wreathing vine-leaves in their hair for innu-

merable centuries. Those with an inborn tendency to intemperance have gradually been eliminated, and as the opportunity for drinking to excess remains, the selection against alcohol continues. At the intemperate end of the scale come the savage races to which the spread of civilization has recently brought trade-gin. We stand somewhere in the middle, with a most active selection going on; and Mr. Reid attaches the greatest importance to his moral that wholesale prohibition, by stopping the process of selection, would rapidly produce a retrogression in our race to an ancestral absence of capacity to refrain from excess. A few centuries of free liquor might make us as temperate as the Portuguese by eliminating the strain of drunkards. A humaner method—preventing inebriates from propagating their strain—would bring about the same result. It may be that so condensed an account of Mr. Reid's novel conclusions gives an unfair impression. But we advise those interested either in social or general biological science to turn to the book itself.

DR. GARNETT'S TRANSLATIONS.

"Dante, Petrarch, Camoens. CXXIV. Sonnets." Translated by Richard Garnett, LL.D. London: John Lane. 1896.

DR. GARNETT'S new translations are a remarkable achievement. Any one who has attempted the task must know what numberless difficulties beset the translator into English of sonnets from languages like Italian or Portuguese. The poverty of rhymes in English is a great difficulty, but not the greatest. A more subtle cause of stumbling is the fact that the two Southern languages are rich in many-syllabled sonorous words, which if rendered by their precise equivalent in sense become bare and meagre in English, while if they are translated according to their rhythmical value, the sense loses freshness and precision. We open Camoens and find at once a typical line,

"A primavera cheia de frescura."

It means simply "the spring full of freshness"; but, if the translation is to be adequate, it must suggest the large cadence of the original with a more ample and melodious phrase. Dr. Garnett has felt this, and writes "the spring-tide plenitude of bloom"; with a perceptible loss, however, of directness and spontaneity. But we cite this accidentally chosen line, not as an example of Dr. Garnett's work, but as an illustration of the difficulty which attends his task. Always to be successful, in a selection of over a hundred sonnets, would be an impossibility for the most ingenious and the most inspired of men. To have written translations that one reads with pleasure for their own sake, which render for us so truthfully as these the several atmospheres of such diverse spirits as Dante, Petrarch, and Camoens, is an achievement which should win admiration even from those who, on principle, are opposed to all verse translation.

In the sonnets of Dante, Dr. Garnett challenges, of course, comparison with Rossetti's celebrated versions. If we take a representative piece, such as the very beautiful first sonnet of the "Vita Nuova," or the more famous

"Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare,"

we find it difficult to say which of the two renderings is the more excellent. In one line the earlier, in another the later, translator seems to carry off the palm. One of Rossetti's faults Dr. Garnett certainly has not: that strained simplicity, resulting in stiff lines of awkward movement, crowded with short words, which marred Rossetti's earlier work, is entirely absent. Dr. Garnett is sometimes less simple and less direct, but always moves with more ease. Here is his version of the most celebrated and most often translated of Dante's sonnets:—

"So goodly and so seemly doth appear
My Lady, when she doth a greeting bring,
That tongue is stayed, silent and quivering,
And eye adventures not to look on her.
She thence departeth, of her laud aware,
Meek in humility's apparelling;
And men esteem her as a heavenly thing
Sent down to earth a marvel to declare.

Whoso regardeth, so delightedly
Beholds, his eyes into his heart instil
Sweet only to be known by tasting it;
And from her face invisibly doth flit
A gentle spirit Love doth wholly fill,
That to the soul is ever saying, Sigh."

The sonnets from Petrarch make up the largest portion of the book; but they do not seem to us the most successful. Probably Petrarch was the hardest to translate. His verse, lacking the spiritual and clear intensity of Dante, depends for its charm on an elaborate and unfailing art of expression, rather than on any loftiness of thought or poignancy of emotion. Dr. Garnett seems less in sympathy with him than with Camoens, for whom, indeed, one would fancy he has a special affection. Certainly, to our judgment at least, this last section of the book is the finest and most interesting. And we are glad if this be so; for Camoens is far too little known in England. Neither Strangford, nor Burton, nor Mr. Aubertin has succeeded in acclimatizing him; and this is the first translation of his sonnets that is really adequate. Camoens's special qualities are happily characterized by Dr. Garnett in a sonnet prefixed to the translations:—

"With lyric vehemence was fraught

Sonnet, by him thy fair amenity,
The perfect form perturbing not in aught,
But teaching how the flight might fierier be."

After Camoens, Petrarch seems cold and unsponaneous. But allied to this lyric passion there is a majesty of thought not often found in poets of such fervour. At times he reminds us, by this rare combination of qualities, of the sonnets of Shakespeare. Is there not, for instance, in the following sonnet, in spite of its greater reserve, something of the accent of the writer of

"Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws"—
that acquiescent recognition of destiny mingled with the human lament, so pregnantly sounded and suddenly broken off, in the close of it?

"Time with new green hath clad the meadow dry,
And old green taketh from the shady wood;
To tiny rill Time tameth torrent flood,
And to the desert gives fertility:

By Time one tree doth bloom, another die;
Serene now Time imparts, now cloudy mood.

By Time ill fadeth, and returns the good
Oblivion stole from very Memory.

Time can e'en Fortune's malice mitigate;

The mighty empire Time to ruin swept
Time can restore, and in its strength maintain;

All things by Time proceed, on Time all wait;

Time's absolute o'er everything, except
Himself, whom Time can never bring again."

Again, in one of the sonnets composed in prison, how imaginative is Camoens's description of himself, not able at last to decide

"If I am proffering speech to stander by,
Or seeming converse be but monologue;

Nor can I certainly declare if I

Am in myself, or am myself beside."

But all the sonnets that Dr. Garnett has chosen are fine, all living and impassioned, and written always with a wonderful directness. To this last quality his translator does not perhaps everywhere do justice, as in the beautiful sonnet numbered XVI. in this selection, where the haunting line, pathetic with a pathos akin to that of Catullus,—

"Tudo possivel faz, tudo assegura,"

"(Love) makes all possible, all sure" seems blunted in the English:

"And stable pleasure seemeth to assign."

On the other hand, Dr. Garnett never fails in dignity. Many single lines, which linger in the memory with a lofty accent or rich cadence, such as (to quote but one or two) from Petrarch—

"O life of man, in prospect excellent!"

and

"This Siren haunting earth and homed in heaven,"
or from Camoens—

"Time and the mortal will stand never fast,"

and

"Sion, had I not memory of thee!"
are constantly reminding the reader that the translator is also a poet.

MR. SINNETT'S SOUL.

"The Growth of the Soul; being a Sequel to Esoteric Buddhism." By A. P. Sinnett. Published by the Theosophical Publishing Society. 1896.

THE linseed and mustard livery of this book has an occult significance. The linseed, of course, is a promise to poultice the faithful for the kicks and laughter lately bestowed upon them by "a materialistic" yet perceiving "generation": the mustard represents, also to the *illuminati*, that the Vice-President is still faithful to the yellow cloak of Buddhism (and water). Although the world may deride, yet Mr. Sinnett assures us the Mahatmas are instant in posting letters to him on the astral plane from Thibet, in which letters "great numbers of people have found a better clue to the comprehension of their own nature and of the world around them than any previous religion or philosophy afforded." Moreover, a living black (name not mentioned) has been over the mountains to the Mahatmas and come back, filled with verities and confutations of gainsayers. Item: a white (name also not given) went thither, many years ago, and three other visitors have seen him there, when they made light incursions on the astral plane. Such evidence is overwhelming, and it would be absurd to be sceptical about the Elder Brethren for one minute longer. Moreover, if carnal logicians still cavil, Mr. Sinnett has one weapon which smites them hip and thigh. It is the reminder that in theosophical matters "proof must be sought for in the interior consciousness." Against this overwhelmingly powerful plea criticism is naturally dumb. But when the faithful ask why the Mahatmas do not come and exercise their benevolent powers where they are most wanted, instead of loafing away their time in Thibet, there is another answer now forthcoming. They are too powerful. Our little efforts to relieve suffering are 'right enough: they cannot upset nature. But good Heavens! The Mahatmas who have "acute and tender-hearted sympathy" for our woes, if they were to interfere "with a power and knowledge on a level, so to speak, with that on which the design originates," they would upset the universal apple-cart in the most dreadful way, and Karma would be all kicked to pieces. Let us therefore be devoutly thankful that these gentlemen do not leave their country seats; although since every one is compounded of seven principles (physical body, etheric double, Jiva, Astral Vehicle, Manas, Buddhi, and Atma), they might spare us something a little better than the dull prose of their letters to Mr. Sinnett. But are we prepared? Have we the six qualifications—regular thought and conduct, disbelief in the Credo, forbearance especially from aughter, steadfastness in occultism, and a confidence in the power of the occult Master, whose viceroy is evidently Mr. Sinnett? We must answer in a modest negative, and thus confess that Mr. Sinnett has eluded us again. Indeed he is like Mrs. Quickly—a man never knows where to have him.

But when the prophet makes a sortie from his interior consciousness and expounds the historical Buddhist faith and the Buddhist Gospels, he leaves his native bogs and treads upon ground where he may be easily taken and destroyed. It is doubtful whether the Masters have communicated any knowledge of Pali or even of Sanscrit to the unhappy warrior. Professor Rhys Davids, whom he will call Dr. David (p. 71 *et passim*), brings him heavily to earth with the clear proof that Buddha was not esoteric, and that Mr. Sinnett knows nothing about Buddhism. This smooth stone from the brook slung at our Goliath sinks easily into the hollow of his forehead. What defence can he make? He pleads that Dr. David does not spiritually construe the Suttas, lacking no doubt the six qualifications. Take that story of the dried boar's flesh, which Gautama ate at his last meal, when his disciples only lunched off cakes and rice. Mr. Sinnett expects us to be "startled at the notion of finding the simple diet of so confirmed a vegetarian as we must suppose any Indian religious teacher to have been, invaded by so gross an article of food as roast pork." Evidently the letter slays Dr. David. Dried boar's flesh means the "esoteric wisdom prepared for food; reduced, that is to say, to a form in which it could be taught to the

multitude. It was through the daring use of such dried boar's flesh—through his attempt to bring the multitude to a greater degree than they were prepared for it, within the area of esoteric teaching—that Buddha died; that is to say, that his great enterprise came to an end." Thus anything may also mean anything, if only one has qualifications enough.

When Dr. Johnson lived at Bolt Court two enthusiastic female admirers resolved to call upon him. "He laid down his pen on their entrance; and as they stood before him one of the females repeated a speech of some length, previously prepared for the occasion. It was an enthusiastic effusion, which, when the speaker had finished, she panted for her idol's reply. What was her mortification when all he said was 'Fiddle-de-dee, my dear.'" Alas! that is all the reply Mr. Sinnett will get to his enthusiastic effusion upon the "Growth of the Soul."

THE TSAR'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

"Travels in the East of Nicholas II. when Csesarevitch, 1890-91." Written by order of His Imperial Majesty by Prince E. Oukhtomsky, and Translated from the Russian by Robert Goodlet. Edited by Sir George Birdwood, M.D., K.C.I.E. Vol. I. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. 1896.

THE chronicler has done his work in a dignified fashion, and it cannot be the easiest of tasks to follow in a Prince's train through strange countries and find something suitable to say day by day. For the most part his diary must, of course, resemble the itinerary of any ordinary traveller who climbs the pyramids or spends a day or two in Delhi; and if any one expects much more he will be disappointed. Here and there a paragraph may be picked out which is interesting because it gives a Russian view of something that is English or concerns England; but no one will find in these pages any Imperial impressions. The Tsarevitch is always mentioned as being present; no hint is ever given of what he thought or felt during his tour. This is, no doubt, as it should be, eminently correct, dignified, charmingly free from any kind of flattery or snobbishness, but for that reason a little unexciting to the desultory reader. In defiance of Bacon's famous sentence about the absurdity of diaries at sea, the two prettiest episodes in this first volume are chronicled on board the "Pamiat Azova," when the travellers found themselves alone together, and in some measure at home. After their stay in Egypt, the party embark on the "Pamiat Azova," and the chronicler writes:—"However brilliant our recollections of Egypt, however alluring to the fancy the unknown lands smiling on us from afar off, yet still we breathe more freely and peacefully in our little home circle, under the shadow of the Russian flag, amongst the sounds of familiar and friendly speech, and surrounded by those who understand each thought, each feeling, as they spring into being." On the night before they start on their voyage through the Red Sea, the officers of the "Vladimir Monomakh" and of the "Zaporozhets" came on board. "It is long before the conversation, the gaiety, and the toasts are over in the ward-room. The officers brew their 'Zhzhonka,' and joyously surround the Grand Dukes, who have taken their seats among them. Many Russian hearts beat as one in this close association with those whose safety and welfare are committed to the charge of each and all of those present. An intense and youthful animation pervades this friendly little festival." And again there is a scene at the other end of the Red Sea on board the "Admiral Korniloff," just before the "Azov" leaves Aden. "The infernal panorama of Aden is sunk in gloom. One forgets that a great gulf separates us from Russia, that our distance from home keeps growing; the familiar notes of our native songs dissipate all sadness, drown the instinctive feeling of anxiety, and plunge one into a purely elemental transport of the most unconstrained gaiety, a transport of which only we Russians are capable everywhere and always, even in the most anxious moments of life." There is a ring of sincerity in this; no one can doubt that the voyagers were really moved

on these two occasions; whereas the impressions of hurried travellers are often ineffectual, and not seldom, if the truth be told, as Prince Oukhtomsky is not afraid of doing, slightly depressing. Indeed this record is not merry on the whole; there is a certain predominating note of vague melancholy. An Englishman will naturally look for opinions about India, and at rare intervals he will get them. But he will get nothing very direct, for the natives and their buildings and their religions occupy the chronicler, to the entire exclusion of British administration; only here and there a hint of the familiar impression that Russians understand much of the mysterious East more easily and naturally than Westerns, because they are themselves an essential part of it.

KOREAN GAMES.

"Korean Games; with Notes on the Corresponding Games of China and Japan." By Stewart Culin. Philadelphia: University of Philadelphia. 1895.

WITH the exception of the inhabitants of the Soudan, there are probably no people who are so down-trodden as the Koreans, and yet it would be difficult to find a people among whom all games of chance and skill are so enthusiastically delighted in. It is a trite saying that in periods of national upheavals, when danger is always imminent and life is always precarious, there is more reckless dissipation and more disregard of perils than in times of ease and quiet. And on this principle it becomes intelligible that the Koreans, who are well nigh crushed under the heels of a tyranny such as Armenians know of, should find some relief from their miseries in the amusement which games can afford.

Mr. Culin considers that games in their origins were largely sacred and divinatory, and he instances as a case in point the use in the East of arrows, or, as they now appear, mere pieces of stick, for divination as well as for gambling purposes. In this particular reference at least he is unquestionably right. In the earliest book of the Chinese, the "Yih-king, or Book of Changes," the diagrams which were added to the text when it was first supposed to have a divinatory meaning were evidently derived from the arrows which were used to foretell events by the Babylonians as well as by the Chinese. But it is difficult to follow him when he sees in "arrow shaftments" the origin of the seal cylinders used in ancient Babylonia. However that may be, it is certain that the Koreans derived their divining sticks, as well as all the games which help to relieve the monotony of their dreary existences, from China. From kite-flying to chess-playing they are indebted for all they know in the way of games to their pig-tailed neighbours. To a certain extent Mr. Culin is aware of this, but he evidently does not know how completely it is the case. For example, on p. 1 he describes how a Korean child is on the first anniversary of his birthday placed on a table, surrounded by "a bunch of long yarn, writing materials, paper, a pencil and cake of ink, and money. . . . If he picks up the piece of yarn it is thought that he will have a long life; if money, that he will be a rich man; or if the writing materials, that he will become a prominent scholar." But he makes no mention of this being of foreign origin; and yet it is a custom which for an unknown period has commonly obtained in China, and those who know the Chinese will admit that they are not likely to have borrowed it from the despised Koreans.

The choice and invention of games seem to make the whole world kin. *Mutatis mutandis*, Mr. Culin's pages might be descriptive of the games played by youth and age in England at the present day. To an English child a kite bought in the bazaars at Seoul would be as familiar as one supplied by Messrs. Cremer, and an English boy would have no difficulty in joining in a game of dominoes with a Korean player. In the more complicated game of chess differences arise, though the principle underlying the movements of the men is identical. Tradition says that chess was invented by a Chinese general, who at a time of inactivity wished to familiarize his officers and men with military manœuvres. The pieces, therefore, represent military ranks and appurtenances. In the centre of the rear line is the general, who is flanked by two counsellors; these by

two elephants; these last by two horses; and these, again, by two chariots. On the Korean board the general is placed a little in advance of the centre of the line. Two cannons face the enemy in front of the line, and, covering them, five soldiers—the equivalent of the English pawns—keep guard. Roughly speaking, it may be said that the chariots, elephants, and horses have the powers of the rooks, bishops, and knights in our own game; but the general and counsellors move differently from our kings and queens, and are subject to restrictions from which our royalties are free. On the game as played in Korea Mr. Culin introduces an excellent essay by Mr. Wilkinson of the Consular Service, who has made that and other games his particular study.

Related to chess are several games which are common all over the extreme East; the best known of these is that played in China under the name of *Weich'i*, and in Japan under the name of *Go*. This is held to be a very seductive amusement, and one which, "next to wine and women, leads men astray." To the unimaginative British mind it scarcely seems sufficiently enticing to merit this description, but possibly there are depths in it which it is not easy to fathom, though Mr. Culin's account of the moves leaves little to be desired. This and the other games mentioned are fully described in his pages, and the excellent illustrations which accompany the text form a most enlightening commentary on its contents. The volume is handsomely printed and "got up," and throws an interesting light on the amusements of a most unhappy people, of whom we have lately heard much and about whom we are likely to hear a great deal more in the near future.

A RETORT COURTEOUS.

"The Roman See in the Early Church; and other Studies." By Professor Bright. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1896.

THIS is the English answer to that readable and able book, by the Rev. Luke Rivington, "The Primitive Church and the See of Peter," and, in spite of its many defects, it is sufficiently victorious and complete to convince the open-minded reader that the Vatican advocates are not likely to have the last word among the learned. Unfortunately, Canon Bright has no gift of style, and is more particularly lacking in the swift, incisive, selective manner of a popular controversialist. He goes steadily, even stolidly, to work and grinds his opponent's bones with a tenacious grip, slowly and methodically, never gnashing or rushing, but working his jaws in the deadly style of a trained bulldog. It is not a pleasant sight to view, it is scientific even to the point of being sickening; and there is no harm in confessing it, the sympathies of the literary man must be with the Rev. Luke Rivington rather than with the slow and heavy-jawed writer who, without sound or fury, gradually marmocks that bright creature. What small portions of the enemy escape are left like the isolated fragments of the digested Jezebel—the skull and the feet and the palms of the hands. If our bishops are awake to the interests of the English Church, they will assuredly insist upon a knowledge of this treatise in the candidates for Holy Orders. The rest of the book is lighter reading, if Canon Bright can ever be called comparatively light. The essay upon St. Ambrose and that upon Queen Elizabeth's time contain much pretty colouring; but admiration for St. Ambrose makes Canon Bright a little short-sighted to the faults of that Saint. There is also (p. 251) a deprecating admission that St. Ambrose "took up untenable ground—that his hatred of selfishness drew from him some sayings which, apart from their context, sound communistic." But why be so timid in admitting it? Plato was to that Saint the *princeps philosophorum*, and these words would be weak enough if applied to him. "Nihil sibi ecclesia nisi fidem possidet" was the maxim of St. Ambrose's Church polity, and it would be ridiculous for Canon Bright to explain away a hundred such deliberate statements by appeals to the context and to the *jus privatum* of modern times. The essay upon the Church and the Barbarian invaders is practically a plea that something was attempted and something done to discipline those

Turk-like butchers, especially by the English; but it must be admitted that the missionary work was a good deal mixed with rascality and failure even then. In view of the romantic fictions woven about the ancient Irish and their happy past, it is well to consider, as this book demonstrates, that we never found them on any high spiritual level, and that history refuses to allow that Erin ever went bragh in the general good behaviour of her sons. The Isle of Saints was "never civilized by its Church, never purged by her influence of the chronic leaven of savagery and internecine warfare." Also let us keep in mind that the native Scottish Church was a mass of corruption and abuse, so that the Scottish hierarchy was "in the age before the great catastrophe of the Reformation, the most corrupt, perhaps, in Europe." It is well to remember that the Celtic Christianity, which is much prattled about and little elucidated, was a poor thing. If the Bishop of Newcastle adopts the tonsure of Simon Magus or his Grace of York bows too low before St. Mungo, we may expect that like causes will produce like effects. The ancient religion of Mac and Ó is not to be played with. It was unable to keep its possessors in order, or to secure decency among its votaries, even when it was alive; but now it is dead and a mere second-hand antiquarian fad, it is not likely to do more than waste the time of those who admire it. The Irish Church flourished best when we introduced Roman discipline to the disgusted Paddy, and the Scottish national religion fell an easy and ignoble prey to the coarse Calvinism of Knox. The greatest misfortune which ever befel Scotland, from an ecclesiastical point of view, was that Celtic Christianity was allowed to grow rankly. Whenever any Anglicizing policy was adopted, as by Queen Margaret, health began to return and religion to revive; but when the Culdees came to the fore, avarice and an argumentative faith without works became the order of the day. Therefore, when Celtic Christianity is sown and planted in England, it should be treated as a kind of Scotch thistle and immediately spudded. It is the height of folly to "turn the weeding clips aside" and spare so useless a plant.

MADAME DU BARRY AGAIN.

"The Life and Times of Madame du Barry." By Robert B. Douglas. London: Leonard Smithers. 1896

WHITEWASHING the villains of history is a harmless, if supererogatory, pastime; and, if authors have found profit in seeking to rehabilitate Richard III., Judas, and Jezebel, we have no quarrel with an apologist for Mme. du Barry. But we had preferred to see the task undertaken either in a more or a less perfunctory spirit. As a vehicle for all manner of entertaining gossip the Life and Times of Mme. du Barry were ideal, or as a contribution to serious history they would repay much bookworming. But Mr. Douglas falls between two stools, and, in his anxiety to pander at once to the pruriency and to the puritanism of the British public, he pads out a foolish and useless volume. We readily grant his conclusion that Mme. du Barry was a generous and kind-hearted woman, with a far larger share of virtues than many another whose chastity is held to cover a multitude of sins; but we grow weary when the same monotonous argument is dinned into our ears at least fifty times with scarcely varying formulæ. If he had not had a very clear case indeed, Mr. Douglas would certainly not have succeeded in proving it; for a worse advocate surely never appealed for a verdict. During endless and ever-recurring intervals he wanders off to refute unimportant points raised by authorities utterly destitute of authority, and the resources of his logic are so slender that he often contrives to raise doubts about his own point of view where no doubts existed previously.

His prefatory excuse is that, while "the virtuous English" think tenderly of Nell Gwynn (*sic*), "the French, who do not regard concubinage as at all a heinous offence, overload with obloquy the memory of Jeanne du Barry." But if he had dipped even as deeply into English Radical writings as he has into French

revolutionary garbage, he would surely be aware that the mistress of Charles II. is used quite as frequently as Louis XV.'s to point a moral against kingship. And had he penetrated a little further than the publications of obscure libellers, he would not be so hasty to mistake the Du Barry's many undoubted virtues for an astounding discovery of his own. We suppose that his unctuousness is intended as a particular appeal to the British middle class, who will probably, however, be frightened by the title of the book, or else will ask, with Mary Antoinette at the age of fourteen, "what position Mme. du Barry occupied, and what were her duties," only to turn away when told that "she amused the King." This unctuousness would be amusing if it were not irritating. It is assumed that we feel "horror" at the idea of a mistress, and we are enjoined not to put away the horror, but to dilute it with pity. "Little or nothing can be said in extenuation of her conduct," Mr. Douglas exclaims, turning up the whites of his eyes, "conduct which proves that she was a confirmed courtesan by inclination and habit; but she paid dearly for her sins," and "many more virtuous people have done much less" in the way of virtue. And again: "Jeanne du Barry had found her enemy hungry, and given him bread to eat; thirsty, and had given him water to drink; but the promise which Solomon and St. Paul held out was not fulfilled in her case, . . . and as Du Barry was notoriously unchaste, it would, of course, be something worse than profanity to even hope that she had her reward." In any one but Mr. Douglas this might have passed for irony, but the rest of the book shows him to be incapable of anything so frivolous.

Take, for instance, the allusion to "her few short years of guilty splendour, and the long days of seclusion and obscurity which were the first and least punishments of her sins"; and this piece of highfalutin': "We have now to watch her in her short-lived prosperity till, in five years' time, her hopes are suddenly shattered like Alnaschar's basket of glass. . . . Then trials, losses, the accusation brought by a base ungrateful wretch she had reared for her own destruction, and then the condemnation—the passionate appeals for that mercy she had often obtained for others, and now begged for herself in vain—and then the remorseless guillotine-knife shears from its" (? the knife's) "shoulders the fair head that the last great King of France had loved so well." These passages are worth transcribing, not merely as examples of the author's style, but in illustration of his historical methods. All through the book he evinces an unpardonable lack of memory, but there are probably few lines into which he crowds so many contradictions. To begin with, the "obscurity" which followed the death of Louis XV. can neither have been a punishment nor particularly unexpected. Despite the splendour of her reign, the Du Barry was constantly subjected to mortifications at the hands of princesses and courtiers, and she certainly felt them deeply, although she bore no malice. Despite every sort of humiliation on her part, and the intercession of Maria Theresa and her ambassador, the Du Barry could scarcely ever extract a civil word from Marie Antoinette. "Rag, Pig, and Snip," the King's daughters, were aggressively hostile, and courtiers permitted themselves the coarsest insults as well as the most insulting references to her humble origin. She must surely have been far happier in private life, where she had plenty of friends and plenty of money, with no one to torment her. True, she was sent to a convent when the King died; but she won golden opinions there, and it was not long before she was allowed to return to Louveciennes and enjoy her property until the Revolution came and took away everything from her, as it did from many of her old rivals and enemies.

Mr. Douglas, while zealous to point out the blunders of obscure pamphleteers, has neglected first to cast the beam out of his own eye. He falls into the usual error that the *Parc aux Cerfs* was an establishment of astounding wickedness; whereas very little research would have revealed to him that it was a comparatively innocent resort, which only obtained immortality by chance. As to Cardinal Rohan's diamond necklace, he takes for granted the least probable of all the versions concern-

ing it. Among minor blunders are *haüs-fraü*; "a man and his mistress *se tutoyaient* when they belong to the same rank"; "Joseph II., Emperor of Germany"; and the mention of "a *cordon bleu*" in the sense of a statesman's blue riband. And the style may be gauged by the following:—"She was not a Du Barry except in name, and a Du Barry only in name"; "The King hesitated to strike the decisive step"; and "A young girl was seduced by the curé of the parish (who died soon afterwards), and became pregnant," which would sound perplexing if read aloud.

CHURCHES OF LONDON AND PARIS.

"Historic Churches of Paris." By Walter F. Lonergan. London: Downey. 1896.

"London City Churches." By A. E. Daniell. Westminster: Constable. 1896.

PARIS has never been remarkable for its public buildings. No Wren, no Inigo Jones, has made her corners picturesque or given her a centre by which all the world should know her. The Madeleine is great in mere size, but has little else to recommend it. The Cathedral of Notre Dame is a mere chapel, and, moreover, modern, compared with Westminster Abbey. The Panthéon, the Sorbonne, the Invalides—all boast of small and graceful domes, but are not otherwise remarkable. The Sainte Chapelle has been rebuilt, and some of its principal features are now in the South Kensington Museum. Guilhermy has described for us the destruction and restoration again of St. Denis, and it is very difficult to get up much interest over the work, however elaborate and costly, of Viollet-le-Duc. Mr. Lonergan accepts his ascriptions, and is rewarded by being able to see in the modern statues and sculptures the memorials of Dagobert, Henri II., Frédégonde, Catharine de' Medici, and other kings and queens. "The famous Basilica," he says, "has long been only a museum, with occasional services. It is now open as a parish church, and it is to be hoped that steps will be taken to protect the place from the iconoclasm of future revolutionists, as well as from any damage during Lenten services." The population of this northern suburb of Paris does not bear much of a reputation for civilization, and fights occur in the church between the freethinkers and the faithful every evening.

Notre Dame has been as thoroughly "restored" as the north front of Westminster Abbey. "The intensely new aspect which marks much of the sculptured imagery on the frontage of Notre Dame de Paris disturbs recollections and jars on the visual nerves of the archaeologist, like the propping and cementing of the Coliseum and St. Peter's." We are beginning in England to understand Mr. Lonergan's remark, but not until it is almost too late. There is still room for destruction at Canterbury, and the new Dean, with the help of Mr. Pearson, will take care that the last traces of antiquity are scrupulously removed. As for Notre Dame, the fabric suffered much in 1793, and the Cult of Reason was celebrated in the nave with unholy rites. Eventually the church became a store for wine "stolen from the cellars of the proscribed or guillotined Royalists." Two years later it was restored to the professors of the old religion, and the "Te Deum" for Marengo marked a new era in its history. The old cathedral was specially favoured by Napoleon III., and here he married the beautiful Comtesse de Teba in 1853. Here, too, the Prince Imperial was baptized in 1857. Three Archbishops of Paris have met violent ends and been buried with great ceremony at Notre Dame: Affre, shot on a barricade in 1848; Sibour, stabbed by a priest in 1857, and Darboy, shot by the Communists in 1871. Of the minor Parisian churches there are some interesting notes in Mr. Lonergan's entertaining book. He does not write so much for the architect as for the general reader.

When Wren paid his memorable visit to Paris, just before the Great Fire of London, he was much interested in the various building schemes which he saw going forward. He has left us however provokingly little about what he saw. When we look at the dome of St. Paul's we cannot but wonder what domes he saw in Paris during this visit. We know of the Invalides, of the Panthéon, and of one or two

other similar churches which, at first thought, we may suppose him to have seen. But on carefully comparing the dates we find that the only dome completed in Paris at the period of his visit was that of the Sorbonne, of which the architect, Le Mercier, died in 1660. It is possible that Mansart was at work on the Invalides at the time, but Wren makes no mention of him; and the small but beautiful dome was probably completed by Bruand in 1674. Wren, therefore, can have derived little information from his visit as to how such a dome as St. Paul's was to be constructed. That he should have succeeded in designing and building the most beautiful dome constructed before or since is another proof, if any were wanted, of the marvellous originality of his genius.

Mr. Daniell has little to say of St. Paul's, confining his attention to the City parochial churches. London has or had a great advantage over Paris: its churches were chiefly from the hand of one great master. The few that are not by Wren himself are interesting by way of contrast. Some six or seven were built before the Fire; to them St. Bartholomew's has been added. But more interest attaches to St. Catharine Cree, which there is good reason to attribute to Inigo Jones, and which, while strictly Gothic, is still altogether unlike the churches that came before as well as those which followed after. There is one other church formerly of similar interest—namely, St. Alban in Wood Street—which is supposed, on good grounds, to have been built by the same architect in 1634, and rebuilt after the Fire on the same lines by Wren himself. It has been reserved for the vandals of our own day to obliterate as far as possible the traces of these two hands. Everything has been done that is possible to alter and modernize the church; and Mr. Daniell observes, feelingly, "in fact no pains seem to have been spared to render once interesting and dignified interiors as commonplace as possible." The old altar-piece has been taken down, as has the western gallery, and a semicircular apse is substituted for the old east window. The whole historical interest and value of the church has thus been destroyed. Terrible things have been wrought in Paris at the Sainte Chapelle, at Notre Dame, and other places, but we greatly question whether in Paris a church whose design was of such architectural interest could have been pulled about by a tasteless and irresponsible incumbent, with the help of a so-called architect, as at St. Alban, at St. Mary Woolnoth, or, worse than all, St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

Mr. Daniell's little book forms a very handy memorial of a series of buildings such as can be seen in no other city in the world. They suffer from the cupidity of certain ecclesiastical Philistines on the one hand, men who do not know how to design or build beautiful churches themselves, and who are therefore all the more unwilling to allow Wren's to stand. They suffer also, in some cases, from the wealth which has ruined some of Wren's best efforts, under the name of improvement, as if the architect is now in existence who can improve upon Wren, or even upon Hawksmoor. Attempts have been made in both directions of late, and so-called architects have been found willing to show how much more they know than the great men of the eighteenth century. Of Wren in particular Mr. Daniell has some well-chosen words. He "had a wonderful capacity for utilizing to their fullest extent the opportunities which the circumstances of each church presented to him." Apart from irregularities of site, of which he made the most, his "first care was to build solidly and durably, in accordance with his own precept that 'Building certainly ought to have the attribute of Eternal.'"

FICTION.

"Without Sin." By Martin J. Pritchard. London: William Heinemann. 1896.

"Where the Atlantic meets the Land." By Caldwell Lipsett. London: John Lane. 1896.

"Kriegspiel: the War Game." By Frances Hides Groome. London: Ward, Lock, & Bowden. 1896.

IT is useless to deny that "Without Sin" is founded on an idea of an uncommon nature; one which, in the hands of a great writer, might even have shown

itself to be a great idea. "Martin Pritchard," not being a great writer, will probably rest content with having conceived a plot equally remarkable for startling novelty and execrable taste. The book has doubtless already found readers. Miss Marie Corelli has shown the ease with which a crowd can be collected to gape at the antics of puppets labelled with the names of Scriptural characters. The delusion of the neurotic Jewish girl that she was about to become the mother of the Messiah might have been a pathetic and dignified one. The author has tried for this in all good faith. It is not her fault that she is not equal to so delicate a task: the fault is in the arrogance of the attempt. The episode in the studio is merely gross, instead of tragic, besides being incredible on obvious grounds. In the description of some of the minor characters there are many clever touches. Where the book weakens is where it should be strongest—in the chapters which strive to give the reader the impression of Mary's virginity at the time of the birth of her child. No device less crude suggests itself to "Martin Pritchard" than to describe all her surroundings as "white." From her bath-room walls and her satin shoulders (which, by a fortunate coincidence, happened to be white satin) to the paddock, where "only white cows grazed," we are led through a labyrinth of ingenious whiteness. It is so obvious that the writer has carefully dragged together every object that could conceivably be white, for what she naïvely calls "evidences of Mary's purity," that all shadow of solemnity vanishes. We find ourselves more concerned to hear that the cream was "tinged a slight yellow" than when the poor little "Messiah" dies, in a white and silver cot, or when Mary's face is framed in a white coif and the convent door and the book-covers close upon her simultaneously. Full of absurdities as is the tale throughout, it is readable enough; and the freshness of the idea will ensure its getting talked about more than it deserves.

"Where the Atlantic meets the Land" opens with a rather commonplace tale of seduction. Should the reader persevere, however, he will find many of the tales well worth reading. Some are deliciously funny, notably "Orange and Green" and "Andy Kerrigan's Honeymoon."

"Kriegspiel" is not at all what it sounds. It is nothing to do with war and not much to do with a game. It is a wildly, deliriously improbable, but still fascinating, book, where people are knocked on the head and buried out of hand, and "no questions asked." There is a little mesmerism—a little of everything. The genial villain is not only a murderer, but a man with a fixed habit of murdering and burying alive. Altogether it is gruesome, but not unpleasantly so.

"The Case of Ailsa Gray." By George Manville Fenn. London: F. V. White & Co. 1896.

"Nets for the Wind." By Una Taylor. London: John Lane. 1896.

"At the Sign of the Cross-Keys." By Paul Creswick. London: John Macqueen. 1896.

Mr. Manville Fenn has given us rather less than usual of blood-curdling adventure in this last book. His hero is the most incredibly unlucky of all the heroes we have met with. If men disappear from his native village, he is invariably the last to be seen in their company. If a married lady elopes in an open boat at midnight, he is sure to be at once discovered wading to shore with her prostrate form in his arms, and feeling injured at the cool reception accorded him by her husband. When the silver vessels are missing from the church, and he is met staggering under their weight, he finds the authorities unkindly averse from receiving his explanation; of course he has only chased the real thief and recovered the booty, but the unvaryingly "fishy" aspect of all his good deeds must have made his many exculpations most exasperating to his enemies. If one were to find a man of that type removing a gory knife from the heart of a smoking corpse, it would only make one ridiculous to have him arrested; he hasn't done any harm, and will look at one with a straightforward gaze of manly innocence, and tell one so. As for Ailsa Gray, she is no better than she should be, and rather interesting. An

improper rectress is something of a new departure. She makes love to every one in the book, including her husband, whom she finally pushes off a cliff into the sea. "The dog it was who died," however; for the only permanent result to him is that he looks "more careworn than before," whereas she is deservedly and comfortably drowned; and the hero is actually not suspected of doing it.

"Nets for the Wind" opens with a story that is probably extremely clever. We have bent our minds to it no less than three times; and we still entirely fail to discover what it is all about. Some of the following tales are more intelligible and pretty enough, in the ultra-fervid, neurotic style for which Miss Olive Schreiner is partially responsible. In her desire to be subtle and mystic, the author delivers herself of many a dark saying. One heroine is "too pretty to be beautiful, and too beautiful to be pretty." That is difficult. So is this: "Death, Life's thirteenth apostle, reaps his harvest with crooked sceptre, the heads and hands of kings." All the same there are a few respectable sayings scattered about, with something like a real thought at their roots. We instance this one:—"The unfamiliarities of life's relations are like estrangements to women; a new nearness is like a separation."

"At the Sign of the Cross-Keys" is one of the numerous Stanley-Weyman-cum-Stevenson productions of our time, and no worse than most—better, indeed, with some funny situations and an attractive enough young woman for a heroine. The hero, unfortunately, is two distinct men—a fact which the author has apparently overlooked. In the first part of the book he takes kindly to card-sharpping for a living. In the last part he is outraged virtue itself at the suspicion of dishonour. Except for this slight discrepancy, the plot is well constructed and ingenious.

"Venus and Cupid." By the Author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School." London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1896.

"Lucilla: an Experiment." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. 1896.

"Venus and Cupid" has a funny notion in it, but not much more. A personally-conducted party from Olympus, including Apollo, Bacchus, Hercules, Cupid, Neptune, Mercury, Diana, and Venus, affords plenty of scope for amusing situations. The author has remained content with the very obvious ones, such as making Hercules get into trouble through his physical violence, Venus through her inconvenient attractions, and so on. More might have been done with the idea in shorter space by a writer of any imaginative power.

"Lucilla" is the heroine of a new story on the old subject of the social wrongs inflicted on the mixed race in the West Indies by the whites. She is an English-woman of weak brain and no principle, who makes a failure of teaching native girls, and recklessly gives it up to marry a "rather dark" young man, with a smooth manner and beautiful eyes. Contemptible though Lucilla may be, in every way, the author yet manages to enlist our sympathies for her when the risky experiment works out to its tragic end. It is an interesting novel.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE "Nineteenth Century" is decidedly readable this month, and, first and foremost, the question of the hour is well treated by at least two of the five correspondents. Mr. Gladstone puts the case which he chooses to offer with all the conviction of brevity, clearness and reticence. England is bound beyond other Powers to protect the Armenians, by virtue of her separate treaty with Turkey, in 1878, in which treaty England took "value received"—namely, Cyprus. The other point of prime importance—not that it is a new one—is made by Professor Salmoné. The agitation in England on behalf of the Armenians has taken no count of the non-Christians of Turkey, who are also anxious to terminate the present misrule. "The time has arrived when the Young Turkey party should be fully recognized by the European Powers. Without their support, direct or indirect, nothing can be effectually or peaceably done." Sir Wemyss Reid, in the opening article of the Review, points out that Russia has good reason for distrusting England, in the recollection of the Treaty of 1878 and the destruction of the San Stefano Treaty after Alexander II. had spent himself in rescuing the Bulgarians. Sir Algernon West gives some account of Lord Randolph

3 C
Chu
peri
Lon
of h
the
Mr.
Run
and
func
and
com
D
plo
begi
pati
sent
usef
use
unde
of la
pris
dem
of co
a ma
mor
nect
that
and
Mr.
conc
out
rude
a ma
favor
chol
Bent
and
ham
Mon
TH
enter
A. R
"We
their
to lo
talk,
comf
man
acco
intr
differ
whos
point
Russ
beca
must
come
displ
rathe
knoc
Majo
a hu
wives
Hum
are
McG
kill I
for a
affair
which
befor
Irish
the J
and f
"Th
is ap
nation
discu
Phill
Germ
singi
Ev
long
char
at an
fortal
ful w
out a
supp
sion
the c
perce
durin
prove

Churchill as a departmental chief, supplementing his own experience as Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue with Lord Welby's, who was Secretary to the Treasury. Both speak of his quickness, his assiduity, his freedom from affectation, and the struggle for economy which brought about his resignation. Mr. Dyke Acland, in his article on "County Councils and Rural Education," draws a clear distinction between elementary and secondary education. The one should be regarded as the function "of the national Government, and should be direct and complete"; the other, more varied and complicated, would come with more advantage under local treatment. Sir Edmund Du Cane in a most convincing little treatise asks what employment could prisoners in large numbers be put to? To begin with, only one in eleven prisoners can be given any occupation more interesting and educational than the crank; the sentences of the other ten are too short to enable them to turn out useful work in any trade. Further, the teaching in prison is of little use to the prisoner after he is discharged, because the conditions under which articles are manufactured in these days—fine division of labour and expensive machinery—are not to be found in a prison with the constant change of its inmates and the inconstant demand for their products. He remarks also that the grinding of corn, for instance, by tread-wheel is expensive, and that only a man with a very great fund of imagination could extract any moral advantage from the knowledge that the wheel was connected with milling machinery. His answer to the question is that prisons should be looked upon as Government workshops, and that other departments should find employment for them. Mr. Charles Selby Oakley, with some amusement and a real concern, declares that "things will not get themselves thrashed out" if women have a seat in assemblies. "The possibility of rudeness is the indispensable condition of fruitful debate," and a man will not be rude to a woman opponent for fear of losing favour—it is hardly conclusive. Mr. E. H. Hankin gives some cholera experiences among high-caste Hindus; Mr. Theodore Bent discovers an ancient gold mine on the Dervish frontier; and Mr. George F. Parker, United States Consul in Birmingham, contributes a spirited account of "The Cry for Fraudulent Money in America."

The "Fortnightly" is also a fairly good number. The most entertaining article is Mr. Charles Johnston's answer to Mr. A. R. Wallace's onomatopoeic theory of the origin of language. "Words," he says, "are admirably suggestive, after we know their meanings," and he thinks that it would be more scientific to look for the likeness of the beginnings of language in baby-talk, which is "international and spontaneous." Mr. Wells combats the widespread notion that the improvement which mankind has undergone since the age of unpolished stone is accounted for by Natural Selection. The alteration in man's intrinsic nature since that period must be infinitesimal; the differences are extrinsic and no more inherited than speech, in whose development mankind has developed. "Diplomaticus" points out that the separate Powers have gathered round Russia, individually for various separate reasons, generally because of their firm conviction that Russia stands for peace, must stand for peace, because she is aware that her time has come for industrial development. Captain J. W. Gambier displays a certain warmth in his defence of Islam, or rather in his scorn for all religions, and ends up with knocks all round and a partition of the Sultan's Empire. Major Martin Hume draws a pleasant picture of Philip II. as a husband and father; he was deeply beloved by his three wives—married for political reasons—and the extracts Major Hume prints from the King's constant letters to his children are charming proof of his affection for them. Mr. John McGrath is of the opinion that no amount of kindness can kill Home Rule—"the sentiment of nationality will continue for an indefinite period to be the dominating factor in Irish affairs"—and now is the time for England to lay aside pride, which is the only obstacle to the recognition of the truth; now, before the divided forces unite to make a new and powerful Irish national movement. Mr. Oswald John Simon says that the Jews have a mission to the world—a religious mission—and for that reason they have, so far, kept themselves separate. "The Jews are nothing but the custodians of a religion which is appropriate, and which is intended for any people, or any nation, or any individual who will embrace it." Miss Lynch discusses the novels of M. Paul Hervieu, and Mr. Claude Phillips says that the splendid *Innigkeit* which marks off German singers from all others does not make up for their ugly singing.

Even the "Contemporary" is worth reading—especially the long and engrossingly wicked and mysterious account of the charges brought against Freemasons because the inner circle, at any rate, are Devil Worshipers. This is one of those comfortable subjects which are necessarily scandalizing and wonderful wherever the truth may lie. Mr. Allanson Picton makes out a strong case against vaccination. The chief argument in support of vaccination brought forward by the Royal Commission is the great diminution of small-pox in the first quarter of the century; but the writer points out that a far smaller percentage of persons were vaccinated than in Gloucester during the recent epidemic, and he puts down the improvement to isolation and better sanitation. He goes on

to compare the deaths due to vaccination with those due to railway travelling: in the one case they are 1 in 14,159, in the other they are 1 in 100,000,000. Mr. J. O. Herdman introduces us to the book which has sold by millions in America and has done so much for the silver cause. Mr. William H. Harvey did not waste his time arguing when he wrote "Coin's Financial School," but he talked of "the money of the people," and attributed the "crime" of 1873, which altered the monetary standard of the United States, to England. An anonymous correspondent contributes a description of the Constantinople massacre. "There is nothing to be said in justification of the attempt of the revolutionists," only such outbreaks are the natural outcome of ill-treatment, and the worse the treatment becomes "the more violent will be the action of these Committees, whether Europe enjoys it or not." Mr. Richard Heath believes that Bunyan owed the plan and incidents of his "Pilgrim's Progress" to current stories of the hardships endured by Anabaptists in their flights from the Tyrol to Moravia. Mr. William K. Hill, in the "Contemporary," treats in a more general and lofty spirit the defect which Mr. A. W. Ready looks at from a more practical point of view in the "New Review." Mr. Hill groans because the ideal education is lost in the teaching of subjects for scholarships, examinations and commerce; but Mr. Ready is more cruel still, and, speaking only of public school education, declares that it does not even fit a boy for a profession. The public-school boy does not know any Latin at the end of his course—that goes without saying; but the training afforded by the failure to learn Latin is confidently put down as beneficial. Mr. Ready, with very proper scorn, scouts this notion; it would be better training to teach the boys to play whist. The "New Review" is not remarkable this month. Mr. Charles Whibley has a fine subject in Petronius; but it is a pity that he is loud against the prudes on the one hand, and visibly conscious of the "Satyricon's" indecency on the other. "Colonial" is no doubt giving English people a healthy reminder when he says that it is hard that Colonials should be expected to share fully in the home enthusiasm for Mr. Chamberlain, or even in Englishmen's high conception of the importance of his office. "Blackwood's" is good reading as usual, though Mr. Blackmore's scrap of romance is trying enough in all conscience.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

- Across the Channel (G. Mourey), George Allen.
 Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan (James Morier), Macmillan, 5s.
 Æneid of Virgil, Bks. 1-6 (Sir T. Martin), Blackwood, 7s. 6d.
 Africa, History and Description of, 3 vols. (Dr. R. Brown), Hakluyt Society.
 Annals of the Parish, and the Ayrshire Legatees (John Galt), Macmillan, 5s.
 Badminton Magazine (October), Longmans.
 Belgravia (October), F. V. White.
 Blackwood's Magazine, October, Blackwood.
 Boer War, Narrative of the (L. F. Carter), Macquene, 10s. 6d.
 Britain's Glory (Hall & Salaman), Swan Sonnenschein, 1s.
 British Fleet, The (C. N. Robinson), Bell & Son.
 Century Magazine (October), Macmillan.
 Chapman's Magazine (October), Chapman & Hall.
 Chemical Dynamics, Studies in (J. H. Van't Hoff), Williams & Norgate.
 Cherry and Violet (W. H. Hutton), Nimmo.
 Church of England, History of (H. O. Wakeman), Rivington, Percival, 7s. 6d.
 Concise Manual of Baptism (J. H. Cooke), Baptist Tract Society.
 Contemporary Review, Isbister.
 Cornhill Magazine, October, Smith, Elder.
 Cosmopolis (October), Unwin.
 Death of Ænone, and Other Poems (Tennyson), Macmillan, 1s.
 Demeter, and Other Poems (Tennyson), Macmillan, 1s.
 Ethics, International Journal of (October), Sonnenschein.
 Family Lawyer, Part I., Cassell.
 Finnish Literature, History of (E. D. Butler), F. H. Butler.
 Footsteps of Fortune, The (Esmé Stuart), Nisbet, 1s. 6d.
 Fortnightly Review (October), Chapman & Hall.
 George Smith (of Colville), (E. Hodder), Nisbet, 5s.
 Half Hours on the Quarter-deck, Nisbet, 2s. 6d.
 Headlong Hall and Nightmare Abbey (Peacock), Macmillan, 5s.
 Helen (M. Edgeworth), Macmillan, 5s.
 In the Wilderness (A. Sergeant), Melrose, 3s. 6d.
 Investment Index (October), Clement Wilson.
 Investors' Review (October), Clement Wilson.
 Iras, a Mystery (J. Douglas), Blackwood.
 Jacob Faithful (Marryat), Macmillan, 5s.
 King's Own, The (Captain Marryat), Macmillan, 3s. 6d.
 Law and Lawyers, Curiosities of (Croake James), S. Low, 5s.
 Legal Interpretation: Cardinal Rules of (E. Beal), Stevens & Son.
 Light that Lies, The (C. Harvey), Macquene, 2s. 6d.
 London Pride (M. E. Braddon), Simpkin, 6s.
 London Society (October), F. V. White.

Mankind, History of, Part XII., Macmillan, 1s.
 Millet, Jean François (J. Cartwright), Sonnenschein.
 Missing (J. Chambers), Trans-Atlantic Publishing Company.
 Musical Times (October), Novello.
 My Son's Wife (Rose Porter), Nisbet, 1s. 6d.
 National Review (October), Arnold.
 Navy List, Royal (October), Witherby.
 New Review (October), Heinemann.
 Only Susan (E. Marshall), Nisbet, 5s.
 Paula (Victoria Cross), W. Scott.
 Pearl Divers, The (Gordon Stables), Nisbet, 5s.
 Personal Reminiscences of a Great Crusade (J. E. Butler), H. Marshall, 7s. 6d.
 Poems (Outremonde), St. Giles' Printing Company, 2s. 6d.
 Pottery, Old English (Mr. and Mrs. Freeth), Morgan Thompson.
 Practitioner, The (October), Cassell.
 Pride and Prejudice (Jane Austen), Macmillan, 5s.
 Rafael, Ernest, Sampson Low, 6s.
 Romance of Mrs. Wodehouse, The (Mrs. Harcourt Roe), Hutchinson, 6s.
 Roman Fever (W. North), Sampson Low.
 Rolle, Richard of Hampole, Vol. II. (C. Horstman), Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d.
 St. Nicholas Magazine (October), Macmillan.
 Secret of the Fire Mountain, The (K. M. Eady), Melrose, 3s. 6d.
 Sir Benjamin's Bounty (E. Marshall), Nisbet, 1s. 6d.
 Sir George Tressady (Mrs. H. Ward), Smith, Elder, 6s.
 Sophonisba (E. Derry), Digby, Long.
 Stories for Men and Women (F. W. Saunders), Sonnenschein.
 Tangled Garden, A (Mrs. F. Reynolds), Hutchinson, 6s.
 The Great Skeptical Dramas of History (John Owen), Sonnenschein.
 Thiébault, Baron, Memoirs of, 2 vols. (A. J. Butler), Smith, Elder, 28s.
 Under the Foeman's Flag (R. Leighton), Melrose, 3s. 6d.
 Violet, The (J. Magruder), Longmans, 6s.
 Way They should Go, The (J. E. Pantom), Downey & Co.
 Where Two Tides Meet, 2 vols. (H. F. Buller), Hurst & Blackett.
 White Faced Priest, The (H. Pease), Gay & Bird.
 Wordsworth, Poetical Works of, Vol. VII. (W. Knight), Macmillan, 5s.
 Year After the Armada, The (M. A. S. Hume), Unwin.
 Young Man Master of Himself (F. W. Farrar), Nisbet, 1s. 6d.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Friday. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

THE UNITED STATES.

Copies are on Sale at the INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York, and at Messrs. DAMRELL & UPHAM'S, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Lessees, the Executors of the late Sir Augustus Harris. Autumn Season under the Management of Mr. JOHN COLEMAN. Every Evening at 8 o. THE DUCHESS OF COULGARDIE. Morning Performance Every Saturday.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, The New Grand Ballet, LA DANSE. Great Success. Lumière Cinematographe. Grand Variety Entertainment, &c., &c. Doors open at 7.30.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.
 QUEEN'S HALL.
 Conductor, Mr. HENRY J. WOOD.

EVERY NIGHT, at 8. (LAST TWO WEEKS.)

Admission, 1s.; Balcony, 2s.; Grand Circle (Reserved), 3s. and 5s.
 Robert Newman's Box-office, Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON 1896 (Fourth Year),
 Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, W.
EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, 10 to 6; Wednesdays & Saturdays, 7 to 10 P.M. also.
 Brilliantly lighted in dull weather, and at dusk.

OFFICES.—BEDFORD ROW.—TO BE LET, the Ground Floor, adapted for a firm of Solicitors.—Apply to E. ENOMLEY, 43 Bedford Row, Holborn, W.C.

THE CAFÉ ROYAL, THE QUADRANT, REGENT STREET.

BEST CUISINE IN LONDON,

AND THE

BEST CELLAR IN THE WORLD.

£600,000 of Wines in Stock.

MANAGER—JAMES WULLSCHLEGER.

ROYAL HOTEL, CAPE TOWN.

"The Royal Hotel, Cape Town, is altogether the best hotel in South Africa."

The SATURDAY REVIEW.

Proprietor, J. CLARK.

MATÉ & PARAGUAY TEA

The only Tea free from Tannic Acid.
 No Astringency.

FIFTY-FIVE MILLIONS

Of the Most Healthy People in the World

DRINK MATÉ TEA.

Sufferers from GOUT, CONSTIPATION, FLATULENCY, INDIGESTION, DYSPESIA, and NERVE EXHAUSTION will get immediate relief by drinking MATÉ TEA.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, writing in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, says:—

"I have tasted the Maté tea and found it perfectly palatable and agreeable. It seems to be universally approved of as a refreshing and stimulating beverage. It enables workers to continue their labours, or travellers to pursue their journeys for long periods without food."

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS JOURNAL says:—

"Maté has a sustaining power which neither Indian or China tea, coffee, or even chocolate, can claim. Travellers drinking Maté can go six or seven hours without feeling the want of food."

Write for Pamphlet and Medical Opinions, "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

To be obtained from

The MATÉ TEA CO., 39 Victoria St., Westminster.

Price 3s. per lb., post free. AGENTS INVITED.

VINOLIA CREAM

FOR

ITCHING, FACE SPOTS, ECZEMA.

1s. 1½d. a Box.

"LANCET" ANALYSIS AND MEDICAL OPINIONS POST FREE.

"G.B." FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS,
 FOR RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

DIABETES

48s. PER DOZEN. CARRIAGE PAID. WHISKY.

OF THE PROPRIETORS:

GEORGE BACK & CO.
 DEVONSHIRE SQUARE, BISHOPSGATE.

BURLINGTON CARRIAGE COMPANY,

LIMITED,

Builders to the Royal Family,

315 - 317 OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.

Patrons :

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

H.S.H. THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

H.I.H. THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

H.S.H. PRINCE IBRAHIM HILMEY.

H.R.H. PRINCE PRISDANG.

H.R.H. PRINCE ORSINI.

H.H. PRINCE CHANDERNAGORE.

H.H. PRINCE DHULEEP SINGH.

H.S.H. PRINCE BIRON VON CURLAND.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

THE MOST HON. THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

THE MOST HON. THE MARQUIS OF RIPON.

&c. &c. &c.

SPÉCIALITÉ.

THE COB-SIZE LANDAU.

An exceptionally light and graceful little carriage quite under the control of one small horse in a hilly district. Fitted with every modern improvement, self-folding head, self-folding steps, steel overlapping tyres, &c.]

SPÉCIALITÉ.

OPEN AND CLOSED BROUGHAM.

This compact little carriage can be opened and closed in a second, and has all the advantages of a Landau at half weight. It is a pretty Brougham and Victoria in one, and remarkably popular.

Purchases may be effected on our Three Years' System at an extra charge of 5 per cent. only.

A very comprehensive display of upwards of 500 Carriages of the Newest and most Fashionable Designs to be seen at their Showrooms—

315-317 OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.

THE CLAIMS OF VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has had, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education: and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fail them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—in some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful indeed if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools entitles, or rather bids, us to make?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

EDWARD ROFFEN.
HUYSHÉ SOUTHWARK.
CHARLES BURNEY.
J. ERSKINE CLARKE.
C. E. BROOKE.

Bishop's House, Kennington.

London Diocesan Board of Education.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF

OF THE

CHURCH SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

WE, the undersigned members and supporters of the London Diocesan Board of Education, appeal most earnestly to Churchmen, and to all who value the preservation of Christian Education in our Public Elementary Schools, for funds to enable the Diocesan Board to maintain in efficiency the work in which it has been engaged for more than half a century, and to place that work upon a more permanent financial footing.

We have every reason to expect that, during the coming year, Voluntary schools will receive from the Legislature, in some form or another, the assistance they both need and deserve. We are therefore anxious that the Schools dependent upon the Board for support may be in a position to take the utmost advantage of that relief.

There are many schools in the poorer parts of the Diocese which have long been maintained by the most praiseworthy exertions of Churchmen, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of severe pressure. The Diocesan Board has, from time to time, been compelled to undertake the financial management of twenty-two such schools, with fifty-six departments, and more than 13,000 children on the books, in order to give relief to the local managers, and so prevent their abandonment. The majority of these, and, indeed, of all our Church Schools, are among the most popular and efficient within the London School Board area; and to lose any of them would be little short of disastrous to the cause of religious education.

It has been carefully estimated that, to meet the present need, a sum of £6,000 is absolutely required. We therefore earnestly commend the London Diocesan Board and its work to the sympathy and liberal support of the Church-people of London; and we would impress upon them that, if liberal assistance is promptly forthcoming, the relief so given will be permanent in its effect.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

WESTMINSTER.

WINCHILSEA.

ALDENHAM.

EGERTON OF TATTON.

GRIMTHORPE.

G. G. BRADLEY, Dean of Westminster.

T. DYKE ACLAND.

FRANCIS S. POWELL, M.P.

EDWARD CARR GLYN, Vicar of Kensington and Rural Dean.

JOHN G. TALEOT, M.P.

W. H. BARLOW, D.D., Vicar of Islington and Rural Dean.

E. A. EARDLEY-WILMOT, Prebendary of Wells and Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington.

H. W. P. RICHARDS, Prebendary of St. Paul's and Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

DAVID ANDERSON, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square.

RICHARD BENYON, J.P. for Berks.

WILLIAM BOUSFIELD, 20 Hyde Park Gate, W.

RICHARD FOSTER, 48 Moorgate Street, E.C.

F. B. PALMER, Glaisdale, Streatham, S.W.

H. W. PRESCOTT, 50 Cornhill, E.C.

J. A. SHAW STEWART, 71 Eaton Place, S.W.

G. A. SPOTTISWOODE, 3 Cadogan Square, S.W.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations to the General and Poor Schools Relief Fund of the London Diocesan Board of Education should be made payable to JOHN HILL, Esq., Financial Secretary to the Board, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., or may be paid through Lloyds Bank, Limited (Herries, Farquhar Branch), 16 St. James's Street, S.W.

The LIST will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 6th day of October, 1896, and will CLOSE on the same day for TOWN, and on WEDNESDAY, the 7th day of October, for COUNTRY.

The London & Westminster Contract Corporation, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.

CAPITAL - - - - £250,000

Divided into 250,000 Shares of £1 each.

Issue of 130,000 Shares, of which there are offered for Public Subscription

100,000 Shares at a premium of 10s. per Share.

Payable 5s. on Application; 5s. on Allotment; and the Balance in Calls at the times and in the manner following, viz.:—
5s. per Share payable on October 22nd, 1896; 7s. 6d. per Share payable on December 22nd, 1896; and 7s. 6d. per Share payable on February 22, 1897.

These Shares will rank for Dividends as from August 31st, 1896, with those already issued, on which Dividend at the rate of 40 per cent. per annum has been paid for the period ending August 31st, 1896.

THERE ARE NO FOUNDERS', PREFERRED, OR DEFERRED SHARES.

DIRECTORS.

Sir JAMES D. LINTON (Chairman Menzies Gold Estates, Ltd.), 39 Brook Street, W., Chairman.
C. R. DURANT, Esq. (Director Imperial Colonial Corporation, Ltd.), 13 Egerton Gardens, S.W.
A. C. LORAIN FULLER, Esq. (Director St. Pauli Breweries Co., Ltd.), 3 Evelyn Mansions, Carlisle Place, S.W.
ALFRED TIANO, Esq., 24 Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.
LANCELOT C. WALTON, Esq. (Director The Rand Western Syndicate, Ltd.), 123 Bishopsgate Street, E.C.

BANKERS

Messrs. SMITH, PAYNE & SMITHS, 1 Lombard Street, E.C.
Messrs. BROWN, JANSON & COMPANY, 39 Abchurch Lane, E.C.

BROKERS

Messrs. H. C. FULLER & STREETFELD, 3 Finch Lane, E.C., and Stock Exchange, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. CARPENTER & THOMPSON, Broad Street House, E.C.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. C. F. KEMP, FORD & CO., 73 Lombard Street, E.C.

PATENT AGENTS.

Messrs. HASELTINE, LAKE & COMPANY, 45 Southampton Buildings, W.C.

MANAGER AND SECRETARY.

J. HAMILTON-BROTHERTON, Esq.

REGISTERED OFFICES.

55 BISHOPSGATE STREET, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company was incorporated in April last for the purpose of transacting a general finance business, and of acquiring interests in and options upon the Debentures, Shares, or Assets of sound Industrial, Exploration and Mineral Companies.

On 4 June last an issue of 50,000 Shares at par was made, and, as announced at the Statutory Meeting held on August 31st ult., or two months after the issue of the Company (a copy of the proceedings of which, enclosed with Prospectus, may be obtained at Offices of the Company), the Directors had concluded certain important negotiations, while others still more important were then pending. Since then an interim cash dividend at the rate of 40 per cent. per annum has been declared and paid for the period ending August 31st ult., being the result of less than three months' working.

Included in the negotiations then pending were the steps being taken for:—

(1.) The absorption of the Debenture and Share Trust Syndicate, Limited, which distributed amongst its shareholders a cash dividend of 91 per cent. on July 24th ultimo, the result of six months' operations. The Assets of this Syndicate (consisting of shares in various undertakings) amount at par to £200,000, and have been acquired by this Corporation at one-half of this amount, payable as to £10,000 in cash and as to £190,000 by the issue at par of fully paid-up shares in this Corporation, of which latter the Vendor Syndicate has the right to have 30,000 included in this issue at a premium of 10s. per share.

The Vendor Syndicate also renounces its right of an option to call at par 27,000 shares in this Corporation within two years from 4 June, 1895.

(2.) The acquisition of the exclusive rights to and under (for all countries excepting Canada and the United States of America) of about Sixty Patents and applications for Patents, held by the Lee Arms Company and the British Magazine Rifle Company, Limited, and any future Improvements relating thereto, for the manufacture of, or the receipts of the royalties resulting from the manufacture of, the Lee-Metford Magazine Rifle now used in and being supplied to the British Army, the Lee Straight Pull (1895 Model) Magazine Rifle recently adopted by the United States Government for the United States Navy, the Lee Turn Bolt (1895 Model) Magazine Rifle (the two latter being improvements of the first-named), and also the Parkhurst and Lee Cartridge Clips for carrying the ammunition used in these Magazine Rifles.

The Corporation having entered into Contracts to acquire the above undertakings, the Directors have determined upon this issue of 100,000 shares, at a premium of 10s. per share.

With regard to the first mentioned of these undertakings, while it is obviously not to the interests of the Corporation to specify by name the various assets acquired, the Directors consider that the following information will serve to indicate the profitable character of this transaction:

(a) £45,000 of these assets are represented by that number of shares in a mining company, the present market value of which is 17s. 6d. per share more than the price at which they are being acquired by this Corporation. These shares carry the right to over one-third of the profits arising from the sale of 75,000 shares of £1 each in a similar undertaking, which shares also stand at 7s. 6d. per share premium on the market.

(b) 45,000 Shares in a mining company of £1 each now standing on the market at 7s. 6d. per share more than their cost to this Corporation.

(c) 24,000 Shares of £1 each in an Exploration Company, with assets stated to amount to over 133 per cent. on its issued capital. Of these, 16,000 are Ordinary Shares, and stand at 17s. 6d. per share more than the market value being paid for them by this Corporation, and 8,000 are Deferred Shares, which are entitled to one-half of the profits after payment of a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. upon the Ordinary Shares. As the number of the Deferred Shares acquired is more than one-half of the total number of the Deferred Shares in that Company, these shares would be entitled to over one-quarter of the profits of the Company, after payment of a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. in each year on the Ordinary Shares in the Company.

(d) 11,000 Shares of £1 each in an important mining undertaking, with about 80 acres of mineral land under development, trial crushings of over 2,000 tons having yielded an average of over 15 ounces per ton. The Manager recently recommended the sale of part of the properties to a subsidiary company, and in the event of such sale the shares now acquired would carry the right to over one-third of the profits arising therefrom, and distributable by way of dividend, the total capital of the Company being £150,000.

(e) 20,000 Shares of £1 each in a Finance Company, which holds 55,000 shares of £1 each, fully paid up, in one of the properties referred to at the

statutory meeting of this Corporation as being under the supervision of the independent and private engineer specially lent to that Company, who reports that down to the water level only, viz., about 110 feet, he estimates that he has a reserve of 50,000 tons of ore, valued at 15 ounces per ton, which at £1 15s. per ounce is equal to £281,250. The nominal capital of the Company to which the property in question belongs is £121,000.

(f) 15,000 Shares of £1 each equally distributed amongst three companies with sound mining ventures at present under the process of development, and showing satisfactory results to the respective managers.

The sale of these assets at par only would show a profit of £130,000 to this Corporation. At present market prices, 105,000 of these shares, or a little over one-half of the number acquired, now show a profit of £70,250 upon their cost to this Corporation. After the sale of these there would still be left 91,000 Deferred and Ordinary Shares of £1 each in sound Exploring, Finance, and Mining Companies for further realisation.

With regard to the second undertaking to be acquired, viz., the exclusive rights, referred to above, to manufacture or receive the royalties arising from the manufacture of the Lee-Metford Rifle, and the Lee Straight Pull and Lee Turn Bolt Rifles, and any further improvements thereon by the Lee Arms Company, the British Magazine Rifle Company, Limited, or the inventors, and of the Parkhurst and Lee Cartridge Clips for use in Magazine Rifles, the merit of these weapons of war are as judged by the steps taken by the British and United States Governments with regard to them, affords a sufficient assurance to this Corporation of the value of this purchase, the former having paid the sum of £50,000 in cash for the right to manufacture the Lee-Metford Rifle for the Army and Navy of Great Britain, and the latter a large sum in cash also, for the right to manufacture the Lee Straight Pull Rifle (1895 Model) for its Navy.

The sum of £50,000 paid by the British Government does not confer upon it the right to manufacture or to use, without the payment of a royalty thereon or a sum in commutation thereof, either the new improved Lee Straight Pull (1895 Model), or the Lee Turn Bolt (1895 Model) Rifles, or the Parkhurst or Lee Cartridge Clips for carrying the ammunition used in these magazine rifles.

These rifles, although not yet having been submitted to the British Government for inspection, have been subjected to a complete examination and rigid test by John Rigby, Esq., M.A., late Superintendent of the Royal Small Arms Factories from 1837 to 1875, who states that they are both "superior to the British Service Rifle in important respects." It would, perhaps, be impossible to find a more competent authority on this subject than Mr. Rigby.

After a severe and lengthy test of some thirty-eight different rifles (the conditions of which test are enclosed herewith), the United States Government has selected the Lee Straight Pull Rifle (1895 Model) for its Navy, and, as stated, has paid a large sum in cash for the right to manufacture the same.

With regard to the Lee-Metford Rifle now in use in the British Army, it is stated that the Government has under consideration the advisability of supplying it to the Volunteer force, some 175,000 strong.

This Corporation by the terms of its contract will be entitled under the patents acquired to all royalties payable upon the manufacture of the Lee-Metford Rifle as from July 1st, 1896, the amount of such royalty now being paid by one company being 8s. per rifle.

It is estimated that the profit to be acquired from the patent Parkhurst and Lee Ammunition Clips will be even greater than that made upon the rifles themselves. When it is stated that these Clips cost about 1s. 6d. per gross to manufacture, and that the United States Navy serves out about one million rounds of ammunition per annum to 10,000 men in time of peace, upon which the Government pays a royalty on these Clips of 3s. per hundred, it will soon be apparent what number would be required on their general adoption by any one or more of the European Powers, and the probable profit arising therefrom.

Priority of allotment will be given to existing shareholders in this Corporation. The Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company and the above Contracts may be inspected at the Offices of the Company.

Prospectuses, with Form of Application, may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and at the Offices of the Company.

Applications for Shares should be made on the Form, to be obtained at the Company's Offices, and forwarded to the Bankers of the Company, Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths, 1 Lombard Street, E.C., or Messrs. Brown, Janson, and Company, 39 Abchurch Lane, E.C., together with a remittance of 5s. per share, which is payable on Application. If no Allotment is made this remittance will be returned in full, and where the number of shares allotted is less than that applied for, the balance will be applied towards the payment due on allotment.

London, 15 September, 1895.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE.
Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.
Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds, over £1,500,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

LIVERPOOL and LONDON and GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY.

INVESTED FUNDS £9,067,182.
FIRE.—LIFE.—ENDOWMENTS.—ANNUITIES.

Fire Insurances effected on most favourable terms.
LIFE BONUSES LARGE, either in Cash or Additions to Sum Assured.
Policy-Holders incur no Liability of Partnership, and may so insure as to Participate in NINE-TENTHS OF THE PROFITS of their class.

EQUITABLE RATES. MODERATE EXPENSES.
PLEASE APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS.
Head Offices: 1 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL; 7 CORNHILL, LONDON.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,
LIMITED.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1848.

INVESTED FUNDS £25,000,000.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.
ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO.

Managers: J. GREEN & CO. Head Offices: Fenchurch Avenue, London.
(ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.)
For passage apply to the latter firm at 4 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

UNION LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS FOR SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD AND DIAMOND FIELDS.

WEEKLY SAILINGS from SOUTHAMPTON.
Free Railway Tickets by Union Express London to Southampton.
Cheap Tickets for passengers' friends. Return Tickets to all Ports.

Apply to the UNION STEAM SHIP COMPANY, Ltd., 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1 and SOUTH AFRICAN HOUSE, 94-6 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO
GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, and MADRAS via BOMBAY, STRAITS, CHINA, and JAPAN every week.
CALCUTTA, MADRAS, COLOMBO, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA every fortnight.
VENICE and BRINDISI to EGYPT and the EAST every three weeks.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.
For particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

HOMELESS BOYS OF LONDON.

FUNDS are greatly NEEDED to meet the current expenses of the training-ships *Arethusa* and *Chichester*, and the seven homes on shore, under the management of the Committee of the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children. Founded by the late William Williams, Esq., in 1843. Nearly 1,000 boys and girls are now being supported in the ships and homes.

An urgent appeal is made to raise funds. Will each reader of this appeal, who believes in saving the children and sympathizes with the work done for their benefit in these ships and homes, kindly send a contribution for the support of the children?

Contributions are earnestly solicited and will be thankfully received by the London and Westminster Bank, 214 High Holborn, W.C., and by

H. BRISTOW WALLEN, Secretary.
HENRY G. COPELAND, Finance and Deputation Secretary.
London Home and Offices, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW sent by post at following rates per annum, paid in advance.

Any part of the United Kingdom £1 8 2

All other parts of the World 1 10 4

Copies for India, China, Borneo, Burmah, Ceylon, Egypt, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Australia, and New Zealand are now posted in advance, and catch the Friday evening's mail.

WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, Successors to
STEEL & JONES, 23 Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C.

WM. & GEO. LAW.

COFFEE—SUGAR—TEA.

104 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

BOOKS.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, and PUBLISHERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS and PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED; AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED.

Telegraphic Address: "BOOKMEN, LONDON." Code: UNICODR.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS & BOOK-SELLERS, of 27 and 29 West 23rd Street, New York, and 24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., desire to call the attention of the READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD PUBLICATIONS, and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS.

CATALOGUE sent on application.

BOOKS.—ALL OUT OF PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED.
No matter what the subject. Patronized by the Nobility. The most expert Book binder extant. Please state wants.—EDWARD BAKER'S Great Bookshop, Birmingham.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.—OCTOBER, 1896.

Contents. Price 2s. 6d.

1. Episodes of the Month.
2. Does British Prosperity depend on the Gold Standard? By Lord ALDENHAM (President of the Bimetallic League).
3. Anglophobia. By Admiral MAXNE.
4. The Political Outlook in the United States. By Senator TILLMAN.
5. A Visitor's Glimpse at the Contest. By A. SYMONS ECCLES.
6. Aesthetics of the Dinner Table. By Colonel KENNEY HERBERT.
7. Russia's Strength. By SPENSER WILKINSON.
8. The Apology of Dives. By the Rev. WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.
9. Canada as a Field for Mining Investment. By GEORGE M. DAWSON, C.M.G.
10. The Real Robert Elsmere. By F. REGINALD STATHAM.
11. State of the Bar. By S. A. T. ROWLATT.
12. The Bimetallic Side of the American Crisis. By T. E. POWELL, ARNOLD HEYBURN, and HERMANN SCHMIDT.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. 236. OCTOBER, 1896.

- WH RUSSELL DISTRUSTS ENGLAND. By Sir WENYSS REID.
THE CRY FOR FRAUDULENT MONEY IN AMERICA. By GEORGE F. PARKER (United States Consul, Birmingham).
ON THE ETHICS OF SUPPRESSION IN BIOGRAPHY. By EDMUND S. PURCELL (Author of "The Life of Cardinal Manning").
BHOWANI, THE CHOLERA-GODDESS. By E. H. HANKIN.
OF WOMEN IN ASSEMBLIES. By CHARLES SELBY OAKLEY.
LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AS AN OFFICIAL. By the Right Hon. Sir ALGERNON WEST, K.C.B.
ON THE DERSVIL FRONTIER. By J. THEODORE BENT.
COUNTY COUNCILS AND RURAL EDUCATION. By CHARLES THOMAS DYKE AGLAND.
HORSE AMBULANCES. By the Hon. DUDLEY LEIGH.
A VISIT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH. By J. H. ROUND.
THE UNAVOIDABLE USELESSNESS OF PRISON LABOUR. By Sir EDMUND DU CANE, K.C.B.
FRA FILIPPO LIPPI. By the late Sir JOSEPH CROWE, C.B., K.C.M.G.
THE MASSACRES IN TURKEY:
(1) By the Rev. Dr. J. GUINNESS ROGERS.
(2) By the Right Hon. the EARL OF MEATH.
(3) By JOHN BURNS, M.P.
(4) By Professor H. ANTHONY SALMONÉ.
(5) By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 972.—OCTOBER, 1896.—2s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

- DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY. By R. D. BLACKMORE. Chaps. I.-IV.
IN DARK DONEGAL: the Tourist on the Celtic Fringe.
THE LOOKER-ON.
A SAMOAN ELOPEMENT. By ARTHUR MAHAFFY.
CAVALRY STABLING.
TEA-TIME IN THE VILLAGE. By M. E. FRANCIS.
LI HUNGCHANG'S VISIT.
A PRODUCT OF THE POOR LAW. By AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.
NAPOLEON'S VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA.
OUT OF THE NIGHT. By KATHARINE TYNAN.
THE VERDICT OF OLD AGE. By M. O. W. O.
ARBITRATION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.

At all Booksellers' and Newsagents, crown 8vo. 6s.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD,

Author of "Robert Elsmere," "The History of David Grieve,"
"Marcella," &c.

From the *Times*:—"In every sense this is a remarkable novel.....The writer takes an even wider range than before, and deals with contemporary politics and the burning questions of the morrow with the verve and no little of the knowledge of a Disraeli.....The charm of the novel is the actuality of the personages. Mrs. Ward has been living with them, so they live and breathe."

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

Ready this day, in 2 vols. with 2 Portraits and 2 Maps, demy 8vo. 28s.

**THE MEMOIRS OF
BARON THIÉBAULT**

(LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN THE FRENCH ARMY).

*With Recollections of the Republic, the Consulate,
and the Empire.*Translated and Condensed by A. J. BUTLER, M.A.
Translator of the "Memoirs of Marbot."

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD'S NEW BOOKS.

BY HENRI ROCHEFORT.

THE ADVENTURES OF MY LIFE.

By HENRI ROCHEFORT.

The Authorised English Edition, revised and specially arranged by M. ROCHEFORT.
2 vols. large crown 8vo. 25s. [Ready on Monday.]**ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS OF DEAN HOLE'S FAMOUS BOOK,
A BOOK ABOUT ROSES.**

By the Very Rev. S. REYNOLDS HOLE, Dean of Rochester.

Illustrated by G. S. Elgood, R.I. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d. now ready.

A Presentation Edition, with Coloured Plates by H. G. Moon, in handsome binding, will be ready very shortly, price 10s. 6d.

NEW BOOK BY COLONEL KENNEY-HERBERT.

FIFTY LUNCHEONS. By Colonel A.

KENNEY-HERBERT (Wyvern). Crown 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

By the same Author.

FIFTY BREAKFASTS. 2s. 6d.**FIFTY DINNERS.** 2s. 6d.**COMMON-SENSE COOKERY.** 7s. 6d.LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 BEDFORD STREET;
NEW YORK: 70 FIFTH AVENUE.

SECOND EDITION.

**SENSATION AMONG THE CRITICS!
CHRYSTAL, THE NEWEST OF WOMEN.**

By AN EXPONENT.

Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.; by post, 3s. 10d.

The *Scotsman* calls the author "A humourist in disguise."
The *Birmingham Gazette* is glad that the author "has sufficient sense of shame to conceal identity. From a literary point of view it is decidedly strong."
The *Yorkshire Post* thinks that the author must be "trying how much the public will stand."

The *Glasgow Daily Mail* says the author "is preaching a sermon. The book is written with skill."

The *Western Mail* says:—"The author has a firm grip of character, and is excellent at 'a situation.' The narrative develops a strength that is absolutely thrilling."

The *Daily Chronicle* says:—"Chrystal is an amusing and an original child."

The *Weekly Times and Echo* says:—"It is unconventional in the extreme, and yet in no sense objectionable."

"Some of the author's opinions must be conceded."—*Star*.

Who is the Exponent? He or She? A hearty friend or a powerful satirist of the New Womanhood? The critics disagree—the Public must decide.

DIGBY, LONG & CO., 18 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

HAKLUYT SOCIETY (President, Sir CLEMENTS R.

MARKHAM, K.C.B.) The following work, forming the Society's volumes for 1895, is now ready for issue to Members:—

THE HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF AFRICA. By LEO AFRICANUS.

Edited by the late ROBERT BROWN, Esq., M.A., M.D. 3 vols.

The Annual Subscription is One Guinea. Lists of Works already issued or in preparation may be obtained upon application.

4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. WILLIAM FOSTER, *Honorary Secretary*.**SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN
KNOWLEDGE.****THE STRUGGLE of the NATIONS: Egypt, Syria,**and ASSYRIA. By Prof. MASPERO. Edited by the Rev. Prof. SAYCE.
Translated by M. L. McCLEURE. With Map, Three Coloured Plates, and
over 400 Illustrations. Demy 4to. (approximately), cloth, bevelled boards, 25s.

This is a companion volume to "The Dawn of Civilization," and contains the History of the Ancient Peoples of the East from the XIV. Egyptian Dynasty to the end of the Ramesside period. This interval covers the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt and their Exodus therefrom. The recent discovery of an Egyptian Stele mentioning the Israelites gives special interest to this volume, where the matter is discussed with his usual acumen by the Author.

THE DAWN of CIVILIZATION (EGYPT and CHAL-DEA). New and Revised Edition. By Professor MASPERO. Edited by the
Rev. Professor SAYCE. Translated by M. L. McCLEURE. With Map and
over 470 Illustrations, including 3 Coloured Plates. Demy 4to. (approx-
imately), cloth, bevelled boards, 24s.

Professor Maspero, by using the result of the most recent researches in Egypt and Mesopotamia, has brought this new edition up to the latest date.

JOHN ELLERTON. Being a Collection of his Writingson Hymnology, together with a Sketch of his Life and Works. By the Rev.
HENRY HOUSMAN, B.D. With Portraits of Canon Ellerton and other leading
Hymn-writers. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 5s.

"Mr. Housman has done well to remind us of our debt to Canon Ellerton, and to publish together not only his highly instructive writings on Hymnology, but some of his hymns not incorporated in any hymnal."—*Times*.

THE BIBLE in the LIGHT of TO-DAY. By the Rev.

CHARLES CROSLIGH, D.D. Post 8vo. cloth boards, 6s.

THE FATHERS for ENGLISH READERS: BONIFACE.By the Rev. I. GREGORY SMITH, M.A., Hon. LL.D. (Edin.) Fcp. 8vo.
cloth boards, 1s. 6d.**CHURCH SERVICES and SERVICE BOOKS before**the REFORMATION. By the Rev. HENRY BARCLAY SWETE, D.D.,
Litt. D. With fac-similes of MSS. Crown 8vo. buckram boards, 4s.**THE CONVERSION of the HEPTARCHY.** By theRight Rev. G. F. BROWNE, B.D., Bishop of Stepney. Small post 8vo. with
several Illustrations, cloth boards, 3s.**TRACES of GREEK PHILOSOPHY and ROMAN**LAW in the NEW TESTAMENT. By the Rev. EDWARD HICKS, D.D.,
D.C.L. Small post 8vo. cloth boards, 3s.**SERMONS on the PENTATEUCH.** By the late VeryRev. ROBERT PAYNE SMITH, Dean of Canterbury. With a Memoir of the
Author, by M. PAYNE SMITH. Small post 8vo. cloth boards, 4s.**A DICTIONARY of the CHURCH of ENGLAND.**By the Rev. F. L. CUTTS, D.D. Third Edition, revised. With numerous
Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 5s.**CHURCH HISTORY in QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN..**By the Rev. MONTAGUE FOWLER, M.A., Chaplain to the Archbishop of Can-
terbury. Small post 8vo. cloth boards, 3s.**AUGUSTINE and his COMPANIONS.** By the RightRev. G. F. BROWNE, B.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Stepney. Small post 8vo.
cloth boards, 2s.**ENGLAND'S MISSION to INDIA.** Some Impressionsfrom a Recent Visit. By the Right Rev. ALFRED BARRY, D.D., D.C.L.
Small post 8vo. cloth boards, 3s.**THE ROMANCE of the SEA: its Fictions, Facts, and**Folk-lore. By FRED WHYMPER. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo.
cloth boards, 5s.**BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN: the Scenery and Splendours of**the United Kingdom. Specially approved by Her Majesty Queen Victoria,
consisting of 195 photo reproductions of the most noteworthy scenes in these
islands, with accompanying Text. This is an *Edition de Luxe*, and is beauti-
fully got up. Large 4to. 21s.**EVENINGS at the MICROSCOPE: or, Researches**among the Minuter Organs and Forms of Animal Life. By the late P. H.
GOSSE, F.R.S. A new Edition, revised by F. JEFFREY BELL, M.A.,
Secretary R.M.S., Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Zoology in King's
College, London. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo. cloth boards, 5s.**THE ROMANCE of SCIENCE:—The SPLASH of a**DROP. By Professor WORTHINGTON. With numerous Diagrams. Post
8vo. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.**THE ROMANCE of SCIENCE:—TIME and TIDE:**a Romance of the Moon. By Sir ROBERT S. BALL, LL.D., F.R.S. Third
Edition, Revised. Small post 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. 6d.**BIRDS, A CHAPTER on.—RARE BRITISH VISITORS.**By R. BOWLER SHARPE, LL.D., F.L.S., &c. (Zoological Department,
British Museum.) With Eighteen beautifully Coloured Plates. Crown 8vo.
cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

"The book is teeming with interesting facts, and should be added to every bird-
lover's library, as an inexpensive but thoroughly reliable work."—*Knowledge*.

London: Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; 43 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
Brighton: 129 North Street.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S

LIST OF NEW BOOKS FOR OCTOBER.

BY FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

FORTY-ONE YEARS in INDIA. Subaltern to Commander-in-Chief. By Field-Marshal Lord ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. In 2 vols. demy 8vo. 36s. With Portraits of His Highness the Ameer of Afghanistan, Generals Lord Clyde, Sir William Mansfield, Sir James Outram, John Nicholson, Sir Abraham Roberts, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, Sir Henry Lawrence, &c.; and Plans of Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Kabul, Kandahar, &c., and Maps.

BY MR. CASTLE.

THE JERNINGHAM LETTERS (1782—1848): being Excerpts from the Correspondence and Diaries of the Honourable Lady Jerningham and of her Daughter Lady Bedingfield. Edited, with Notes, by EGERTON CASTLE, M.A., F.S.A. In 2 vols. crown 8vo. with numerous Portraits, reproduced from the Original Miniatures, 24s.

BY SIR F. MONTEFIORE, BART.

THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE. By Sir FRANCIS DE MONTEFIORE. In 1 vol. crown 4to. with numerous Portraits and other Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

BY MR. HISSEY.

ON SOUTHERN ENGLISH ROADS. By JAMES JOHN HISSEY, Author of "A Drive Thro' England," "On the Box Seat," &c. With Sixteen Illustrations from Sketches by the Author, engraved by Mr. George Pearson, and Map of the Route. In 1 vol. demy 8vo. 16s.

THE THIRTEENTH EARL OF PEMBROKE.

POLITICAL LETTERS and SPEECHES of the late EARL of PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY. In 1 vol. demy 8vo. with Two Portraits, 7s. 6d.

BY MRS. R. M. KING.

ITALIAN HIGHWAYS. By E. AUGUSTA KING, Author of "A Diary of a Civilian's Wife in India." In 1 vol. crown 8vo. with Frontispiece, 7s. 6d.

BY AN OLD COLLEGER.

ETON in the FORTIES. By ARTHUR DUKE COLERIDGE. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. with Portraits and other Illustrations, 6s.

BY MISS CROMELIN.

OVER the ANDES from the ARGENTINE to CHILI and PERU. By MAY CROMELIN. In 1 vol. demy 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

BY MR. BYRNE.

AUSTRALIAN WRITERS: Lindsay Gordon, Rolf Boldrewood, Marcus Clarke, Tasma, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Ada Cambridge, Henry Kingsley. By J. F. DESMOND BYRNE. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of KARL VON DITTERSDORF. Dictated to his Son, and Rendered into English by ARTHUR D. COLERIDGE. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

STANDARD WORKS FOR THE LIBRARY.

Professor MOMMSEN'S HISTORY of ROME to the TIME of AUGUSTUS. Translated by Dr. DICKSON. New and Cheaper Edition, Revised. In 5 vols. crown 8vo. 37s. 6d. Each volume separately, 7s. 6d.

The ROMAN PROVINCES. Being the History of Rome from Caesar to Diocletian. By Professor MOMMSEN. Translated by Dr. DICKSON. In 2 vols. 8vo. with Maps, 36s.

The HISTORY of the GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION. From the French of M. THIERS. By FREDERICK SHOBERL. With 50 Illustrations on Steel. In 5 vols. demy 8vo. 45s.

The HISTORY of ROMAN CLASSICAL LITERATURE. By R. W. BROWNE, M.A., Ph.D., late Prebendary of St. Paul's and Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. New Edition. In 1 vol. demy 8vo. 9s.

The HISTORY of ANTIQUITY. From the German of Professor MAX DUNKER. By EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., LL.D., of Balliol College, Oxford. In 6 vols. demy 8vo. Each Volume can be obtained separately, 21s.

MEMOIRS of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By FAUVELET DE BOURBONNE, Private Secretary to the Emperor. Edited by Colonel PHIPPS. In 4 vols. crown 8vo. 36s.

The LIFE of LORD PALMERSTON. By the Hon. EVELYN ASHLEY, M.P. In 2 vols. crown 8vo. with Frontispiece to each Volume, 12s.

The NAVAL HISTORY of GREAT BRITAIN. By WILLIAM JAMES. In 6 vols. crown 8vo. with numerous Portraits on Steel, 42s.

The HISTORY of the THIRTY YEARS' WAR. From the German of ANTON GINDELY. By Professor TEN BROOK. In 2 vols. large crown 8vo. with Maps and Illustrations, 24s.

The LETTERS of HORACE WALPOLE, Fourth Earl of Orford. Edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A. In 9 vols. demy 8vo. with Portrait, 45s.

The FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES of the WORLD. By Professor CREASY. Library Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. Also a Cheap Edition, for use in Schools, crown 8vo. canvas cloth, 1s. 4d.

LONDON: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, 28 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 3 October, 1896.